

SAINT GEORGE.

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APPLIED SCIENCE AND SOCIAL CONTROL.

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IF we look up from our own special work, whatever that may be, and watch what is now going forward on a great scale in the chief countries of the Western world, we can hardly fail to discern three striking facts which need to be taken into account in any forecast of the future.

The first fact is the immense advance which has been made by applied science. We feel this in our own great centres of industry in Great Britain. Stand at the foot of the Forth Bridge and look upwards. That vast fabric, with all that it implies of confident calculation and constructive skill, imprints itself on the imagination, just as on the brain of the mediæval scholar there imprinted itself the majestic structure of scholastic logic, with its far-reaching implications of intellectual power. We feel the same impressive advance of applied science in Germany. There, even more than here, an older order of controlling ideas stands in abrupt contrast to the new. Before our eyes there take place those changes in social structure which are the inevitable result of developments in applied science. The aristocracy of land has to surrender much of its former influence to the aristocracy of manufacture and of trade. But the advance of applied science reveals itself to our minds with far more striking force in the United States of America than in any part of the Old World. The air seems to thrill with electric energy. The very children in the

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schools grow up with a new conception of power and of the possibilities of its application to swift movement and quick production. As you stand on the deck of one of those steam water-beetles which ply across the Hudson River, with the salt air on your lips and the quick pulse of New York in your blood, you see on either hand the outward and visible signs of the new scientific order of things. Along the New Jersey shore your eye passes down that long line of railroad termini, the focus to which the trade of half a continent is drawn; at the seaward point of the long pencil-shaped Manhattan you see those astounding piles of offices—"streets turned up on end"—which through sea mist or at dusk block themselves out against the sky like some huge fortress with battlements and towers—the Windsor Castle of a new order of Kings. Nearly a thousand miles to the West you find yourself in the vortex of Chicago, and what Chicago meant to an American who had time to brood over its masterful and half-malign significance is well said in a novel named *The Pit*. As far again from Chicago to the South, astride of the great railway along which the new industrial ideas are pouring into the once supine and stagnant regions of the old *régime*, you find the city of Atlanta, whirring with energy, and a radiating centre of potent life. Far to the North-West, with the magical aid of applied science, Canada is rising in the flush of confident strength to a great career of industrial activity and commercial power. This, then, is the first great fact of our time—the victorious advance of applied science.

Secondly, even while we watch and try to measure the meaning of this wonderful change, are we not conscious of an undertone—of a deepening conviction that more must be done, and done on a more comprehensive scale than hitherto, for social reform? For the mass of men there is, let us be thankful for it, greater material comfort than heretofore. But is there not too, even as an outcome of that greater comfort and of the new hopes and of the new sense of capacity which have at last had a chance to grow, an

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instinctive sense that more could be done, and should be done, to apply the new resources of science to the remodelling of some of the conditions alike of urban and of village life? That surely is the note which, as we listen, we hear in ever louder tones through the hubbub of things. Cannot applied science, which has done so much for commerce and industry, help us to solve some of the problems of home-making, of physical training, of leisure, of childhood? Men are beginning to ask whether they cannot, with the help of applied science, secure happier conditions for their work, and realise some civic ideals hitherto beyond their reach. There is a growing sense of individuality, but at the same time of the need for stern, though loving, discipline in the treatment of the industrially incompetent and morally unfit.

Thirdly, we feel on our minds the pressure of another necessity—the need for strict and foreseeing economy in the use of our public resources if we are to find the means for the defence and improvement of our national and imperial life.

From these three things—the advance of applied science, the deepening sense of the urgency of social reform and the conviction that the national purse is very far indeed from being bottomless—there seems likely to spring a resultant demand for the timely, skilful and therefore economical employment of scientific measures for social betterment. May we not look for this demand in three chief directions—(1) slum reform for the saving of the children: (2) factory reform, for the transplanting of industrial communities into surroundings where home life can be sweeter, and leisure be healthier, and social unity become more practicable because attempted with its diverse necessary elements on a smaller scale: and (3) village reform, for the quickening of intellectual interests and of social independence in our rural life, with a view to a revival, under the new conditions, of agriculture and country pursuits.

So great and far-reaching are the changes of which I have spoken that their influence can be traced even in that very desire

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for self-realisation which lies behind so much of the deeper feeling of our time. The old kind of stubborn, quaint, sharp-cornered individualism seems to be passing away. It is already old-fashioned, and we begin to think of it as of Matthew Arnold's Scholar-Gipsy,

"In hat of antique shape and cloak of grey."

Men feel instinctively that, though character and individuality never had such power as they may have to-day, the old kind of individualism is out of date. Under the new conditions individuality must express itself in and through co-operation. It must have numbers behind it. It must act in concert. It must be, so to speak, at the head of a regiment of like-thinking people. And in submitting itself to co-operation, it learns. It finds that the problem was deeper and more complex than at first appeared. It loses its life in corporate effort, and finds that in losing it has gained it anew. This is the heart of individual devotion and self-sacrifice which animates collective effort and finds therein the fullest self-realisation. Thus what at first sight seemed a contradiction, is not really so. There is a deepening sense of individuality, and yet a greater disposition to move in masses. The mass movement is necessary in order to get the momentum which individual leadership may use. Is not this the key to some of the political tendencies of our time? There is a growing impatience with hesitancy in executive positions. People seem to long for strong men with executive power. This state of mind is noticeable in Europe, but far more evident in the United States, where there is less of that thick-set tradition and usage which in older countries hide for a time what is forming under the surface.

The drift of things in American municipal organisation is to give, for a fixed period, extraordinary power to a popularly elected Mayor. We know how much his magnetic personality and strenuous devotion to public duty have endeared President Roosevelt to millions of his fellow citizens. There are no signs,

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I think, of any lessening in men's minds of the care for liberty and of the opportunity for independent choice in the grave business of life. But there is a greater readiness to look below the form of government to the reality and substance of it, and to try experiments in new kinds of effective democracy. As one studies what is now being done and felt in some of the great American cities, one is led to conjecture that perhaps one form of democratic government in the future may be autocracy on short tenure—autocracy based on popular election, or on some not less effective though informal kind of popular choice, and checked by the constant influence of public opinion, operating through the press, through discussion, or through subtle but potent changes in the political atmosphere.

II.

Beneath all the material changes brought about by applied science and that shrinkage of distance which has been its most striking result, there is something deeper still—partly the effect, yet in some respects the cause, of what modern science has achieved. I mean the great disturbance which has taken place not so much in men's beliefs as in their attitude of mind. To account this an age of scepticism and to contrast it with bygone ages of faith seems to me a grave mistake in the reading of the facts. I doubt whether ever in the world before there has been so much desire to believe as there is to-day. But the intellectual change has been profound. And not less profound are some of its ethical consequences. There has been a quickening of the critical faculty: there is a deep desire for reality, for sincerity in thinking, for readiness to face the facts; and along with all this, comes more reverence for the past, more insight into spiritual things, more courage in suspending judgment during a painfully long-drawn-out period of investigation and readjustment.

The historical and comparative methods applied to the study of

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human history and beliefs have been the instruments of change. Those who were masters in their use, elated by the very joy of using them and carried forward from point to point of discovery and insight, thought that the history of philosophy would be a working substitute for philosophy, and the history of religion for religion. But it is not so. Many who come after and enter into their results find too little foothold for conduct in these provisional conclusions and formulas of relative truth. Many men and even more women begin to ask not for a process of thought, but for definite conclusions: for authoritative guidance, not for hesitating hypotheses. This is one of the deepest cravings of human nature, and no mere passing cowardice or fashion of the time. Hence, as in all earlier periods of intellectual "break-up," the longing for strong leadership and for more definite control. The prophets felt it from afar. This was the message of Ruskin and of his master Carlyle. And the control for which more and more of our fellow men are longing is a control which, though primarily intellectual and spiritual, will be social too. It will express itself in some order of society, not simply in abstract statements of intellectual belief. And must it not under modern conditions avail itself of the resources and the discipline now offered by applied science? Are there not signs of conflict between those ideas, dominant in the French Revolution, which centre round a belief in the essential goodness of human nature, and those other ideas, dominant in the thought of St. Augustine, of Macchiavelli, and of Calvin, which are rooted in a belief in its essential depravity? We may live to see the rise of a new Calvinism, stating itself in terms, not of theology but, of applied science.

Such a new scientific Calvinism, emptied of its earlier theological content, but inspired by its old enthusiasm for logic and for discipline, would be clear in its aims, unflinching in drawing conclusions, and ruthlessly severe in putting them into practice. It would point to the waste, disorder and degrading self-indulgence visible under present conditions as proving the need for stringent

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social control. This control it would vest in the hands of an expert executive, probably approved by mass vote in the first instance and subject to some form of periodical re-election, but while in office entrusted with supreme power. It would be secular in spirit, materialistic in its estimate of national well-being, and at heart hostile to many of the ethical and metaphysical assumptions of the older beliefs.

III.

May I now ask your leave, if the course of my argument has so far been intelligible, to submit for your consideration some practical conclusions? It is unwholesome to let the mind brood over these large and difficult matters without, from time to time, challenging it for practical advice. If these things are so, what must we do? That is the practical question which we ought not to flinch from asking ourselves, though we may be far from seeing our way clear to an adequate answer.

May I then, merely by way of suggestion, lay before you a few practical conclusions which seem to follow from what I have said? In England our aim should be to endeavour to combine as much as possible of varied freedom and of individual initiative with as much as is necessary of scientific regulation and of social control. If we fail to admit betimes the need for limitations on personal freedom after its proved misuse, we are preparing the way for the triumph of the new Calvinism which will sweep away much of the freedom that might otherwise have been preserved. If, on the other hand, we fail to preserve a large measure of individual initiative and of varied freedom, we shall have dealt a heavy blow at what is best in English life and shall destroy a safeguard of special value to a nation like ourselves, which is prone to forms of economic collectivism and to stubborn monopolies. But for such a combination as is desirable for us, there is no formula or

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ready-made prescription. That is the difficulty of the situation. It is all a question of degree and of practical wisdom. But this power of combining opposites is peculiarly English. Much of our strength is due to it, and, perhaps, our chief service to the world has lain in our refusal to accept either of the two logical extremes as a guide to practical action. The suggestions which follow are founded on the belief that we should endeavour to meet the new needs by combining in new proportions personal freedom and social control.

1. Should we not show the utmost readiness to make the best and most comprehensive use of applied science, especially for social betterment, and willingly submit ourselves to its necessary discipline (*e.g.*, in regard to the consumption of smoke, spitting in public places, etc.)?

2. Should we not encourage far more scientific inquiry into social problems and far more systematic experiment in the various ways of solving them? The work of Mr. Charles Booth, for example, has been a work of national importance. We know, too, what has been done by Mr. Cadbury. It will be well if we do more to encourage suggestions for improvement, and see that serious suggestions are welcomed and seriously considered. There is in this country a wealth of suggestion which has never been encouraged fully to develop itself, either in the sphere of industrial organisation or of social reform. Great improvements come through welcoming a great number and succession of small suggestions from those who are in actual contact with the facts. The creative, generalising mind—brooding over the whole situation and steeped in the atmosphere of the time—plays on these materials, and fits them—by the divination of genius and with an artist's certainty of touch—into their place in the larger truth.

3. Let us aim at a high ideal of service to the community of which we form a part. Let it be a felt duty to bear our share, strenuously and truthfully, in public work. And one of the hardest parts of this duty is to refrain from pretending to believe

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in formulas or generalisations which we suspect to be incompletely true.

4. Do we not need (I am not speaking now of changes in administrative machinery, but of aims and methods of teaching)—do we not need much educational inquiry and experiment, and, in the light of such inquiry and of the results of those experiments, searching educational reform? And let us remember that education is something far greater and more difficult than book-learning. It should be a training for life.

5. Let us dignify the State: let us dignify the municipality. But let us not aim at any rigid form of State Socialism, or at any rigid form of municipal monopoly. As against the first, we need local variety: as against the second, economic problems are not precisely coincident with the areas of local administration. We need State action: we need municipal action: but we also need individuality more than ever. In the economic sphere, however, pure individualism is far weaker than it was. There is need for concert and co-operation. Why not, therefore, in many kinds of public work encourage *collective* private initiative, by means of small State subsidies, to undertake specific public tasks, *e.g.*, afforestation. This would combine the prestige of the State, the vigour and enthusiasm of private initiative, and timely financial resource.

6. Last but not least, let us not forget that all social problems, though economic in part of their structure, are ethical and spiritual problems too. We need the quickening and uplifting forces of personal devotion and personal self-control. No new addition to comfort, no mere changes in material circumstances, can by themselves reform human nature, though they may provide new conditions which are favourable to moral reform.


And let us be thankful that Great Britain is so rich in varied traditions of religious life. Where else in the world, within so narrow a compass, is there so priceless a heritage? Let us cherish our practice of religious and intellectual freedom, and keep fresh the memories of those men and women whose unselfishness and

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unworldliness won that freedom for us who follow them. Let us bear it clearly in mind that as knowledge widens and as our control over the material resources of the world grows more complete, men and women need, not the less but all the more, that personal sense of the presence of an unseen Power, "nearer than hands and feet," guiding life from point to point in its dark and difficult course; that Power, the worship of which may be combined with intense yearning for new truth—the Truth that makes us free.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN RUSKIN.*

By Selwyn Image.

HE first time I ever heard of Ruskin was—ah! what tell-tales these dates are—in the year 1863, exactly forty years since. A stripling then in one of the lower forms at Brighton College I managed to secure a prize, one of the very few prizes I ever managed to secure. It was the since well-known volume of *Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin*, in that year, 1863, I believe for the first time published. I remember the master saying to me as he handed me the book, that Ruskin's works were so voluminous and expensive, that a selection from them was all most people could come at. I remember carrying the book home in pride of heart, and asking my father who in the world John Ruskin was. "He is a great art critic, my boy," my father replied: and so the matter ended. I opened the book, and understood not a word of it. I closed it, and put it on my shelf, where it lay for years. It was a proud possession, because it was one of my very few prizes, and also because it was charmingly bound in green gilt calf. But that was all.

Some four or five years after, at an entirely different school, at Marlborough, then under the superb mastership of the late Dean of Westminster, Dr. Bradley, whose memory no one that came under his teaching can ever recall but with the profoundest and most affectionate reverence, we were set, I recollect, to read the twelfth chapter of the third volume of *Modern Painters*, "Of the Pathetic Fallacy," and to write an essay on it. I did my task—I should imagine, did it extremely ill. At any rate, I am sure that, with boyish impudence, I was much more intent on turning

* A paper read before the Ruskin Union, June 25th, 1903.

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out a showy essay, than on understanding what Ruskin meant. Certainly I have no recollection of the chapter greatly appealing to me. The time was not yet: but the time was to come.

It came in the autumn of 1868. I was on my way to sit for an examination at Oxford. To distract my thoughts from the terrors of examination my house-master lent me a book to carry off with me; it was the book I had received as a prize five years before, the *Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin*. I opened it in the train from Marlborough to Oxford; and this time it took possession of me as no book I had ever read had ever taken possession of me. I think I can remember even the particular selection which made the scales fall from my eyes, and revealed a new world to me. It was the selection on page 217 of the section on Architecture and Sculpture entitled—The Roof. From that day forward Ruskin was the one teacher of teachers to me. I read everything of his I could lay hands on. In the plainest sense of the word he inspired me. He had opened a new heaven and a new earth to one's youthful vision. No doubt the enthusiasm for him often made one priggish and absurd: in some sense it may have upset and hindered one in the plain duties of the moment. But on the whole it was a blessed enthusiasm for a young man to feel, and I have never ceased to thank God for it.

Imagine, then, one's feelings when the news came—it was at the end of 1869 or the beginning of 1870—that Ruskin had been appointed to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art in Oxford, and that he was to come amongst us to deliver lectures and to establish a practical school. Hero-worship is a splendid thing in this dusty world—for all of us, if we can attain unto it. The years come and go, robbing us of many things: I am not sure that any theft they practise on us is worse than their theft of our capacity for hero-worship. But at one-and-twenty the theft has not been perpetrated. Imagine, then, our feelings when the news came that this Prophet of the Lord was actually to come among us in bodily presence. It was in 1870, I think, certainly, that Ruskin was to

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deliver his inaugural lecture, and the excitement to see and hear him was immense. The lecture was appointed for two or three in the afternoon in the lecture-room of the University Museum. We lunched early, for we knew what a rush there would be, and we were determined to be there in good places. How well I remember the day! My rooms were in New College Lane, and more than an hour before the time I hurried off. As I turned the corner a continuous stream of people, graduates, undergraduates, dons, ladies, townsfolk, met me, hurrying to the lecture-room. It was no moment for formalities, and I pushed ahead as fast as my legs would carry me. The lecture-room was reached, and in a corner of it I found the last spot of standing-ground. The selfishness of my contentment, however, was quickly rebuked. A gowned figure almost immediately rose behind the lecturer's desk, and said—"Ladies and gentlemen, it is very flattering to Mr. Ruskin that such crowds of you are flocking to hear him. This large room is clearly too small to hold you. We must adjourn to the Sheldonian Theatre." Alas, alas, for us, who a moment before were so pleased over our providence. The assembly rose as one man, and struggled to be out and retrace its steps. But the news of adjournment had spread like wild-fire; and when we were in the Wadham Road, the stream we had left behind us had faced round and was hurrying back to the Sheldonian. The first were last, the last first. One was thankful to get a place anywhere high up in the gallery of that spacious building. It was packed quickly from floor to ceiling with a crowd the most motley and expectant ever on such an occasion—one would imagine—gathered there.

And when the hour had struck, and the vice-chancellor and proctors had taken their seats, and there was silence that might be felt over all that vast, strangely-assorted company, Ruskin, in a long, old-fashioned silk gown and master's hood, passed up into the pulpit, and bowing to the vice-chancellor and proctors, began in a low, thin voice, to all appearance entirely calm and collected,

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that superb first lecture. He spoke low and very deliberately. Even at this interval of time one can almost hear the quiet fall of those sonorous opening sentences. "The duty which is to-day laid on me," he began, "of introducing, among the elements of education appointed in this great University, one not only new, but such as to involve in its possible results some modification of the rest, is, as you well feel, so grave, that no man could undertake it without laying himself open to the imputation of a kind of insolence: and no man could undertake it rightly, without being in danger of having his hands shortened by dread of his task, or mistrust of himself. And it has chanced to me, of late, to be so little acquainted either with pride, or hope, that I can scarcely recover so much as I now need of the one for strength, and of the other for foresight, except by remembering that noble persons, and friends of the high temper that judges most clearly where it loves best, have desired that this trust should be given me; and by resting also in the conviction that the goodly tree, whose roots, by God's help, we set in earth to-day, will not fail of its height because the planting of it is under poor auspices, or the first shoots of it enfeebled by ill gardening."

Was there ever a more restrained yet majestic exordium, more incomparably uttered? Some of you have heard Ruskin lecture in the days of his health: and I am sure you will bear me out in what I am going to say. To those of you who never heard him, or never heard him at least in such days, it is perhaps impossible to convey any adequate impression of what a lecturer he was. In bodily presence small, slight to fragility, at times almost as it were crumpled in appearance—with a voice neither powerful, nor in itself musical, with even a slight impediment in his utterance—how he held his audience, how he imposed himself on them, how he charmed them! I have heard in my time many speakers of high repute, but I never heard one that gave me the same sense of what I may call genius for the art of speaking, quite apart from the value of the thoughts uttered. It used to

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be said of Savonarola that when he preached his physical presence seemed actually to be enlarged. I would say the same thing about Ruskin. This slight, almost insignificant man towered over his audience. He had the fire and force of a prophet. His eyes flashed upon you. Always beginning in a low voice, slowly and quietly, he grew more and more full of sparkle and vigour as he proceeded. But he never lost command of himself, or became the plaything of his eloquence. Towards the end of his lecture he generally grew more quiet. Those perorations, those incomparable perorations, were delivered very gravely, with the most exquisite sense of cadence, of rhythmical modulation. Everybody, of course, looked forward to them, knowing by experience how sure they were of not being sent empty away. Ruskin, too, knew that quite well himself. I remember an amusing instance of it. During the second series of lectures, lectures of a more directly practical kind, delivered to a much smaller audience, partly composed of working pupils in the Museum, he suddenly stopped dead one day just towards the finish, just when we were expecting the peroration. Drawing himself up and looking straight at his audience, his face half reproachful, half agleam with malicious fun—"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "there is to be no peroration to-day. I know you think I take immense pains with these endings. I do take immense pains with them. But they are not what I want you to come and listen to me for. So to-day we will have none." And he abruptly stopped.

I forget whether it was in 1870 or 1871 that the art classes for members of the University were started by Ruskin in the gallery at the Tylorlian. He took extreme pains over them. He presented a large number of invaluable studies and pictures, Turners, Prouts, and Burne-Joneses, and a quantity of his own work, for the use of the students to copy and study from. They were framed and glazed and stored in little mahogany cabinets; but we had access to them whenever we liked, under the superintendence of dear old Mr. Fisher, the curator of the galleries.

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Every convenience for copying these beautiful things was arranged for us; and within reason we might copy what we liked. Mr. Macdonald was the art master, and an admirable one. But Ruskin himself constantly came round to us, and showed us, one by one, what was the thing to admire in the copy we had chosen, or he had selected, and with his own hand drew on our paper. Sometimes he would bring us in a plate of small wild-flowers and grasses, and bid us try our hand at them for their forms and chiaroscuro. Twice, during my time, he took a party of us out sketching to Hincksey. I remember on one of these occasions, while we were all seated by a bank drawing some cottages, a rude little brat of a child held out a stick with a dead snake at the end of it pretty well into Ruskin's face. "I say, guv'nor, draw this," shouted impudence. "My dear child, I should be delighted to," gravely answered the professor—"if I had time," and went on placidly with his work.

At the first start of these schools, in order to qualify for becoming a personal pupil of Ruskin, one had to make a copy of one of his drawings from a Greek vase of the Wheel of Triptolemus. We were to use compasses and rulers as much as we liked, but the thing was to wash the drawing in in monochrome evenly without showing any seams. The colour he always made us use for these drawings was violet-carmine. The reason of his choice of this colour I could never quite understand; for I thought it then, and I still think it, a hideous colour. But perhaps it washes easily, or has some other virtue hidden from me. If Mr. Macdonald passed your drawing of the wheel, you were entered on the list to be introduced to Mr. Ruskin as his pupil.

Ah! how well I remember that introduction; how one's heart beat, partly with nervousness, partly with inexpressible pleasure at the anticipation of it. One was to go at last actually into the presence of one's Hero, to be alone with him in the same room, to speak with him face to face, perhaps to take him by the hand. Remember, one was only one-and-twenty—a shy, uncouth lad not

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long from school. But I don't know that it is much gain, that to-day the thought of entering no presence in the world could bring me that nervousness or pleasure.

I was amongst the first batch of pupils to be ushered in to him. Old Mr. Fisher took me up to the door of Ruskin's private room, opened it, in the most solemn manner announced my name and college, and left us. With that exquisite old-world courtesy that was innate in him Ruskin came forward, took me by the hand, and led me to a chair. He asked me what I could do, and what I wanted to do, and begged me show him some of my work. He was pleased to approve it. He went on talking to me in the kindest manner imaginable. At last he rose and said—"Mr. Image, why, you have been sitting all the while with your face to the light—let us change places." The words and action were simple enough; but what a world of delicate consideration was in them! They put one at ease in a moment—as much at ease as a shy youth could be in the presence of a great man he worshipped.

The first drawing Ruskin gave me to copy was an enlargement of his own of a laurel sceptre of Apollo from a design of Baccio Bandinelli. The thought of it brings a flush of shame to me even at this length of time. In expiation I will here make confession of my stupid impudence. The copy was a fine drawing with a brush, full of Ruskin's characteristic nervous handling. What little training I had had before was under the old South Kensington system. Nervous, sensitive handling was not encouraged under that system: the thing was to draw hard outlines, hard as nails. Into such hard outlines I did actually have the audacity to translate this splendid drawing of Ruskin's with the purely conceited intention of showing off my firmness of hand. By-and-by Ruskin came round and looked. He said only a few quiet words—but I can assure you, they effectually killed my conceit. Then he took the brush into his hand, and showed me what kind of touch was worth having, what kind of line and form were fine or not fine,

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and wherein lay the splendid quality of design in this Apollo's sceptre. There are days in one's life upon which one can lay one's finger and say, on such a day a new thing was revealed to me, my blind eyes were opened and I saw. And this was one of these days to me. Before Ruskin rose from my seat, he had revealed to me what Design meant. Whatever small power of Design I may possess, I date the dawn of it from that lesson : and my sister, who has had good opportunities for judging, assures me that I have never made a design in my life in which the trace of that laurel sceptre lingers not.

It was during Commemoration Week, I think in 1871, that Ruskin delivered his lecture on Michelangelo and Tintoret. I sometimes cannot help thinking that the knowledge of the special kind of fashionable audience before which he would have to deliver it roused in him a spirit of extreme wilfulness, which he was at little pains to curb. Anyhow, its extravagant laudation of Tintoret, its still more extravagant damnation of Michelangelo, raised a storm about Ruskin's head, and caused even his friends to protest. I remember meeting Burne-Jones shortly after this famous lecture, and his expressing to me his deep regret at it—not because he thought it would injure Michelangelo's reputation, but because he feared it might very seriously injure Ruskin's, and obstruct his influence. Ruskin himself, it may be, after the thing was over, realized that he had allowed his likes and dislikes to carry him a little too far. Anyhow, I recollect seeing a letter of his to a friend of mine in which he alluded to the matter, and the hubbub it had caused, at some length. But a single sentence of this letter—thirty-two years have gone since I read it—remains in my memory : but it was a sentence that struck me forcibly at the time, and has again and again recurred to me as full of suggestiveness. It was this : "Michelangelo," wrote Ruskin, "is so great a man as to need both praise and blame."

The words occur to me this evening, occur to me as most pertinent in relation to Ruskin himself. I will venture to say

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that no member of the Ruskin Union more loves, and reverences, and would wish to set upon a higher pinnacle the memory of this great man, and great master in Israel, than I do myself. But to be merely idolatrous of him is but a disservice we pay to his memory: it harms it in the eyes of the world, and it harms us who pay it. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—let us say of the dead nothing but what is good—is a creditable and touching sentiment: but it is not in place when we are thinking of the great dead. Those who really know their greatness and are jealous for it, it is the last thing they would desire, if there are some spots on the sun and some weak joints in the armour, to refuse discernment of them, or to resent their exposure.

I have been speaking of Ruskin as a personal teacher of art: I have said how inspiring he was, how illuminating. What one owes to his personal teaching is inexpressible, incalculable. At the same time there is no denying it, that if a pupil was to get all the good he might out of that personal teaching, if he was indeed to avoid getting some not inconsiderable harm from it, it was absolutely necessary that he should be able to keep his head.

The danger was this. Ruskin was exceedingly—well, what shall I say?—impetuous, unguarded in his criticism of one's performances, heedless or oblivious of the effect words from his lips must inevitably produce on a student. One day he would belaud your work so effusively, that your brain would go round dizzy with excitement, and you felt that Leonardo's subtle draughtsmanship, or Turner's imagination and colour, might really sometime be within your grasp. The next day he would condemn your work so unconditionally that you were fit to sink into the floor. I don't mean, of course, that either his approbation or his condemnation were idly uttered or groundless: but unless you could keep your head, the one was calculated to exalt you into folly, the other to debase you into despair.

Now, how did this defect in his teaching come about? I think the secret of it was this. If the drawing you were engaged upon

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had at the moment Ruskin came round to look at it some quality in it that appealed to him, showed that you had seen and were making for what he felt to be the fine virtue of the original, he was at once so entranced and overjoyed at this that accompanying faults were for the time non-existent or at least negligible for him—and he took no pains to conceal or moderate his delight. If, on the other hand, you had missed the special quality he cared for, or had not yet been able to come to the point of realizing it, no other good things in the drawing counted with him a jot.

I will illustrate and enforce what I am here saying by the experience of a dear friend of mine long since gone to his rest. Some of you certainly know the name of Arthur Burgess, for many years Ruskin's assistant and friend, a man of extraordinary gifts in many directions, a first-rate draughtsman, a wood-engraver—you must all know some of his exquisite work in *Proserpina* and elsewhere—second to none in manipulative skill that our country has produced. Shortly before, and at the time when Ruskin came to Oxford as Slade Professor, Burgess was much with him, and made any number of diagrams and enlarged drawings for the purpose of the lecture-room. I know from his own lips and writing what Ruskin's deliberate opinion was as to the merit of his assistant's work—he held it in its way incomparable. But I well remember Burgess telling me how, in the earlier days of their connection, Ruskin was in the habit of coming into his room, when he was starting on, or had got but some little way with, an enlarged cartoon for a lecture: and how if Ruskin did not see in the drawing at that early stage indication of the particular qualities he set store by nothing would satisfy him with it; and he would count it a failure to the last. So often did this happen, and so embarrassing did it become, that at last Burgess plucked up courage and one day said, "Sir, I am going to ask a favour of you. I think when you have once explained to me what you want in a drawing I can mostly get it for you. But sometimes what you want cannot be had till the drawing nears completion—and at any

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rate I can only get it my own way. Will you do me this favour of never coming in to look at the thing till I can show it you finished?" Ruskin knew his man, at once consented, and loyally kept his promise. There were few occasions after that on which he had to find fault with Burgess's drawings.

When one passes to a wider field than this of one's own, or one's friends', personal experience, I think we find that this characteristic of Ruskin in his criticism, his impatience of anything in art which lacked qualities that appealed to him, his unbridled eulogism of anything in art which possessed them, accounts for much which has made many men, especially in these latter days, impatient of his authority as an art critic, and quite ludicrously blind to the immense service art in many ways received from his superb genius. To return to the instance I have already quoted, it accounts for his unqualified admiration of Tintoret side by side with his unqualified depreciation of, almost contempt for, Michelangelo. It accounts for his unqualified admiration of Turner side by side with his unqualified depreciation of, almost, sometimes absolute, contempt for, Constable. I cannot resist quoting one criticism of his on Constable—the man over whom artists nowadays the world through are so enthusiastic, and I think rightly enthusiastic. I cannot resist quoting it for two reasons: first, because it shows how wrong Ruskin could and would let himself go about work that lacked qualities appealing to him; and, secondly, because it shows what supreme mastery he possessed over language, what an incomparable power of putting into a few words the most biting scorn of what he thought ignoble and pernicious. The criticism is this—from his *Notes on Pictures*, No. 5, to be found on page 178 of the volume of selections in the edition of 1863. "One of our English painters"—he writes—"Constable, professed this pursuit (the pursuit of chiaroscuro) in its simplicity. Though my pictures should have nothing else, they shall have chiaroscuro. The sacrifice was accepted by the fates, but the prayer denied. His pictures *had* nothing else, but they

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had *not* chiaroscuro." Is it possible to conceive any criticism more wrong than that? Is it possible to conceive any feeling of contempt more exquisitely conveyed?

Further, I think it is quite certain, that for what one may call the purely artistic side of art, that side of it—and but a side it no doubt is, after all—which to the born-artist is so absorbing, the sensuous appearance and effect of things, Ruskin had no extraordinary eye. At any rate, other sides of art predominantly absorbed his attention. We see this as much in the professed grounds of his championship of Turner as in the professed grounds of his denunciation of Claude and Constable. And it accounts for his attitude towards Michelangelo. A friend of mine was once walking with him through the British Museum. My friend stood before one of the statues there, and expressed his admiration for it. "No doubt," said Ruskin, "you are right: but to tell truth, the nude human figure has no interest for me." A most frank confession: but a confession that very largely puts his opinion out of court where Michelangelo is concerned—Michelangelo, to whom the nude human figure was the supreme object of artistic contemplation, and the supreme medium of artistic expression.

On one occasion it was my privilege to spend a night under Ruskin's roof at Denmark Hill. It was while I was still an undergraduate. I had written to him from Oxford on a matter of, to me, immense personal moment: he asked me to come up and talk it over, and said—"Sleep the night here, that you may have the chance of seeing Turner under the morning light." The main thing we talked over I cannot tell you about: I need only say that our talk revealed Ruskin, in the most practical manner, to be as generous as he was sympathetic and wise. On this occasion—in little trivial ways, it may be, but none the less significant for that—his beautiful courtesy impressed me as it had done on my first introduction to him. If, instead of being a troublesome youth, I had been a great man or a prince of the

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blood royal, he could not have shown me greater courtesy. I remember his taking me himself on my arrival up into the bedroom to see that the servants had made everything comfortable, and that the fire burnt well. I remember his apologizing at breakfast for what he called his lack of hospitality in not seeing that there was a choice of coffee or tea. At dinner we had fried slices of cod—and he expatiated on the beautiful colour that particular fish always seemed to him to fry—so much finer than other fish. At the time I was wholly absorbed in devotion to Rossetti and Burne-Jones. "You seem to be much more taken," he said, a little reproachfully, "with my Joneses than with my Turners!" An original Rossetti painting I had never seen. On my telling him so, he walked without a word out of the room, and brought back under his arm that superb drawing of *The Passover in the Holy Family*—unfinished the drawing, as you all know—but assuredly Rossetti at his best. "I had to carry the drawing off," said Ruskin, "finished or unfinished. You see Rossetti has cut the head of Christ out and put in a fresh one. He put it in and scraped it out so many times, that I feared he would end by scraping the whole thing clean away—so I carried it off."

I know these are but trivial reminiscences, but I think they have their significance: at any rate, they may perhaps entertain you a little.

And I will end them, trivial, brief, and scattered as they are, with but one more—not trivial, at least not trivial to me. It concerns a matter of extreme delicacy and painful memories, and I have hesitated long over mentioning it at all. But it gives me the opportunity of paying one more tribute to the name of a man whom every disciple of Ruskin ought to know and to honour; and it shows the exceeding tenderness of Ruskin's heart, and the generosity of his nature, so desirous to make amends if ever he thought he had dealt, or might seem to have dealt, over-harshly.

I have mentioned to you the name of Arthur Burgess. In the

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earlier eighties, to his exceeding grief, Burgess's employment under Ruskin ceased; and I suppose it was for two years or so that no communication of any kind passed between them. In the year 1886 Burgess was stricken of the illness, a rapid consumption, of which he died. In the early days of the illness one morning came for him a letter in Ruskin's handwriting. It was a long letter of extreme affection, saying how all the old memories had been revived in looking over a quantity of his splendid work, and begging him to write and tell 'all about himself. I sometimes have half a fancy that if that letter had arrived two months' earlier, acting on so highly strung a nature as Burgess's, it might have prolonged his life. One cannot tell. The one thing certain is that it would have been the lifting for him of the heaviest sorrow his sorrowful life had known; and that if his fate was irrevocably sealed, he would at least have died far the happier for it.

But it was not to be. When the letter reached Peckham, the sick man was held by the doctor too ill to be allowed to hear of it. The one only chance was to keep him perfectly unexcited; and to have known what Ruskin had written would have been fatal assuredly.

It fell to my lot to have to write and tell Ruskin exactly how things stood. By return of post came a letter from him imploring me to keep him constantly acquainted as to how the illness developed. I wrote several letters to him, and received little pathetic notes in reply. But the illness sped rapidly. More and more poor Burgess sank into unconsciousness. At last my letter went to Brantwood to say the end had come. The correspondence is still by me—but no one will ever see it. It is enough to say that its pathos is indescribable.

In 1887, for the pages of the *Hobby Horse Magazine*, I begged Ruskin to write a short memorial of Burgess: and he wrote it at once. There it remains for those who care to read it in the sixth number of the *Hobby Horse*—the most touching of memorials,

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both for what it reveals of Ruskin's own feelings and of his esteem and poignant sorrow for his dead friend.

Here, then, I end. And if in conclusion, I refrain from any panegyric of our revered master's life and work, it is only because in such a company as this no panegyric is needed, and any attempt at one would seem something of an impertinence. For all of us, at any rate here, are assured that amongst the great thinkers of England and her great writers his place is secure: and that—higher still—in the goodly fellowship of her prophets stands, and will stand for ever, not the least eminent amongst them—John Ruskin.

JOHN RUSKIN : A VINDICATION.

An Address to British Workmen.

By ΚΑΡΑ 'ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑΝ.

UNDER ordinary circumstances the appearance of a new volume in the series upon English Men of Letters might be considered a matter for quiet comment among strictly literary readers rather than a fitting subject for an address to the world of British workmen. The facts, however, that a recent volume in that series is devoted to one who has not long been missed among us ; that it deals largely with problems of the most intense contemporary interest ; that it is written by one who is the leader in Great Britain of a cult which was singled out for antagonism by the man with whose teaching the volume deals ; and that the work itself is marked by inaccuracies and misconceptions almost beyond the power of words to characterize, may perhaps excuse a departure from established usage. The harm to the public conscience likely to ensue upon the acceptance, as a truthful survey, of this latest estimate of Mr. Ruskin's thought and work is so great—the fallacies, if not the deliberate misrepresentations, of the volume are so many and so pervasive—that some attempt at a redressing of the scale is demanded in the interests of common honour.

I begin with the statement that what will here be said will fall naturally under four heads. I shall attempt to deal, first, with Mr. Ruskin's position as a writer upon human life and industry ; secondly, I shall say something of his art teaching as exemplified in his *Art of England* ; thirdly, I shall endeavour to point out

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such inaccuracies or inversions of actual fact as seem to me most conspicuously to disfigure Mr. Harrison's work and to call for reprehension ; and, lastly, I shall ask attention to at least one attitude of the writer of the volume, and one court of his appeal against which, it seems to me, all decent men are called upon to protest. Let those to whom the memory of Mr. Ruskin's chivalry is a matter for reverent gratitude console themselves—in the face of Mr. Harrison's treatment of delicate episodes in his subject's life, and his appeal to the standards of those who are least refined among us—with the reflection that, to these departures from good taste and their attendant outrages upon hospitality, the subject of this vindication could no more have been reduced than he could to theft or incest.

There is one more element in Mr. Harrison's volume to which, at the outset, it is necessary to call attention. Let it persistently be borne in mind that the one essential point in which Mr. Ruskin differed from nearly every other recently accepted writer, both in art and in political economy, was in his insistence upon the fact that the industrial and artistic life of man is in its essence moral, and falls or rises in proportion to the reality and the simplicity of man's belief in a righteous over-seeing God ; and that Mr. Harrison categorically denies the existence of such a being. I shall not go into any discussion of the grounds for Mr. Ruskin's or for Mr. Harrison's contention, nor shall I say anything as to the comparative standing of Positivism among the beliefs, or non-beliefs, of existing or once-existing men ; but I ask you to remember that what we have, in the volume under review, is a study of the work of a man to whom belief in an all-seeing, all-inspiring Providence was the keynote of his thought and life, by a man by whom the existence of such a being is held to be inconceivable. And I shall do this the less reservedly from the fact that Mr. Harrison is himself careful to align Mr. Ruskin's teaching, wherever it lends itself to such alignment with advantage to his personal predilections, with the teaching of the man to

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whom—at least in modern Europe—the propagation of this belief, or non-belief, is principally due.*

I.

First of all, then, we attempt to say something of Mr. Ruskin's work in the field of our industrial and associated life as exemplified alike in his published works and in those concrete departures from established modes to which he lent his countenance or his initiation. One of the charges which Mr. Harrison brings against our author is that of temerity, in that he essayed the solution of problems vital to man's existence with a painfully inadequate knowledge of the field and an equally inadequate equipment. It is asserted that he attempted, out of hand and without previous training, to settle problems in human life before which Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, and Leibnitz retired discomfited, and which Locke, Hume, Kant, and Bentham touched upon but in sections. And for this task, it is averred, "he was utterly unfitted by his very scanty learning, by habit, and by the cast of his mind. He can only throw forth a few suggestions more or less echoes of Plato, the Bible, mediæval art, and Carlyle. Nothing less adequate as a coherent and systematic synthesis of society can be imagined."

Fortunately, this is a subject upon which it is possible to speak—if not with absolute finality—at least with something like precision.

I. Among those by whom the problems of man's existence as a social and industrial being have been investigated, two schools

* Concerning the vaunted superiority of M. Comte's system of economics, and Mr. Ruskin's failure to recognise its merits, it may be sufficient to point out that—in its final disposition of the forces of society—the parasitic callings are placed at the top; and, in its analysis of the conditions which lie at the basis of human industry, labour is asserted to be the outcome of slavery, and man is held to have been originally spurred to toil through the withdrawal of his personal liberty and initiative, and under the encouragement of the lash! There are few more ignoble paragraphs in literature than that in which Mr. Lewes sums up M. Comte's idea of work, and his avowed belief that all men share his aversion to it, in one of the closing sections of his exposition of that author's *Philosophy of the Sciences*.

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stand out conspicuous—the schools which we may briefly classify as the Vital and the Artificial: the one devoting its attention to the facts of life and the impulses by which that life is governed: the other concerning itself principally with the formation of some set arrangement under which what it recognised of man's industrial impulses and creations may methodically be marshalled. To the former class belong Homer, Thucydides, Herodotus, Plato, Xenophon, Pindar among the Greeks; Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Livy among the Romans; Dante, St. Bernard, Bacon, Sismondi, Milton, More, Mazzini, and Carlyle among the moderns. To the second class belong, to some extent, Aristotle among the ancients,* and—more completely—Smith, Bentham, Ricardo, Mill, Malthus, Spencer, and Comte among writers of recent times. Now it is the peculiarity of Mr. Ruskin that, appearing in the arena at a time when what I have characterized as the Artificial school was so much in the ascendant as to be practically in possession of the whole field of British professional economic study, his place was, from the first, among the men of the more vital, and broader, outlook. *And with the life and work of every one of the great names in this field he is as familiar as he is with the ten commandments.* There is no single author in the list I have enumerated with whose character and whose output he is not acquainted to the verge, or beyond the verge, of a playful *camaraderie*.

2. Further than this, however, it is the fact that everything which man does as an associative working being may be referred to one or another of these three heads—as *production*, as *transportation*, or as *enjoyment*:† under the first being included all the output

* I have placed Aristotle—at least qualifiedly—among the artificial economists, in spite of his firm hold on reality, because in him we have the first exhibition of undue deference paid to analysis, and the first indication of the tendency to arrange the facts of life according to the requirements of an arbitrary system.

† The term *consumption*, as substituted by the Artificial school for the third term in the classification here adopted, has had an especially deplorable effect. It has called attention to the least essential element in the disposal of the product of human labour, and tended to strengthen—where it did not in fact create—an intention on the part of the manufacturer to produce articles and fabrics designed explicitly not to last. As a result we have the industrial and the creative energies of the modern

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of his ingenuity in the mechanical and imaginative arts ; under the second, its conveyance from place to place ; under the third, its ultimate destiny as a useful or pleasure-giving thing. And in no circumstances can any product of our industrial or our creative energy be conceived of as transcending this simple classification. To whatever height of attainment man arrives, and however complicated his activities, there is no production of his hand or thought the creation and the history and the final fate of which is not included under one or another of these three terms. It is as the producer, as the distributor, or as the user of some commodity essential or auxiliary to man's material or immaterial well-being that every man, save the wholly useless man, is perpetually employed. And it is Mr. Ruskin's great distinction, among those who have attempted to treat of man's composite activities, that he has recognized and insisted on this fundamental fact, clearing away the cobwebs which had attended the discussion during five or six generations, and especially insisting on attention being directed to that one division of man's creative energy under which its most vital results are marshalled—of which division all his predecessors among modern political economists had been entirely oblivious : the ultimate end and aim of man's industrial and creative strength.* I know of nothing which so conclusively established Mr. Ruskin's supremacy as an investigator of the facts of human industry, over

world directed chiefly to the production of things concerning which its hope is that they may *sell*, and not that they may lastingly supply any proper human need or vitally satisfy any noble human longing.

I have used the term "enjoyment," rather than "use," because it embraces not only those things which have a relation to our material necessities, but those which have a relation to our immaterial. A man enjoys (that is, is made glad by, has a feeling of satisfaction in) the possession of a field which he can plough, a hoe which he can wield, and a picture which he can look at ; and the last is as much a *useful* thing to him—if it is a good picture and he has an intelligent appreciation of its meaning—as the implement or the glebe ; and, if he is a healthy man and not indolent, or lackadaisical, he *enjoys* the use of the hoe and the cultivation of his field as much as he enjoys his picture.

* The neglect, or the obscuring, of this point is among the most fatal of the omissions of the so-called professional economists. Nearly every curse which attaches to our present industrial life, and nearly every insincerity which distinguishes our existing commercial activity, may be traced unerringly to the refusal of modern British economic writers to treat explicitly—or indeed at all—of the end and aim of work.

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the complete procession of so-called economists from Adam Smith to Henry Fawcett, as his treatment of this one point, and I can conceive of no man, whose attention has once been called to this fact, as being ever afterwards capable of reading with patience the conclusions of his opponents. To do so is like returning to the conceptions in astronomy which prevailed before Copernicus and Galileo, or like reverting to those theories in physics to which Newton gave the fatal shock.

There lie, however, behind this threefold expression of man's industrial and creative activity, certain impulses and conceptions out of which the product of man's energy springs and grows; and these impulses and conceptions are, to the forms which the results of his activity takes, as the spirit to the body which it inhabits, and as the momentum behind the blow.

Now, it is to the existence of these forces—it is to the influence of these most real momenta—that Mr. Ruskin, at the outset, directs attention. He is concerned, initially, not with secondary but with primary conditions, and it is not too much to say, as he himself says in his preface to *Munera Pulveris*, that his works comprise “the first accurate analysis of the laws of Political Economy which has been published in England.” No investigation of the springs of our creative and industrial action, no arrangement of the forms under which that action finds permanent and intelligent expression, at all comparable to that contained in the chapters which he has contributed to the discussion, is elsewhere to be discovered in our tongue. Disregarding alike the phraseology and the pitfalls of the Artificial school, Mr. Ruskin concerned himself with the impulses which underlie all normal creative and mechanical activity, and with the forms which the expression of these impulses must take in any sanely ordered and healthily constructed system of human life; Kant having, in his *Critique of Pure Reason*, hardly gone more conclusively behind the shallow and tedious lucubrations of Hume and Locke and their disciples than Mr. Ruskin, in his *Unto This Last and Time and Tide*

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and *Munera Pulveris*, behind the theories and the contentions of Smith and Mill and Malthus.*

Passing next to some examination of Mr. Ruskin's economic teaching as exemplified in his writings and in those practical undertakings to the furtherance of which he lent alike his influence and his fortune, we may say of them that they differ from what had, until his time, been for something like three centuries the accepted code in Britain in their recognition, first, of affection and admiration as among the moving springs of human life ; secondly, in their assertion of the dignity of labour, and their belief in the possibility of industrial honesty ; and, thirdly, in their persuasion that the only intelligent and legitimate end of creative and industrial association is the providing of the State with loyal and contented and healthful human lives, rather than with a superabundance of machine-made fabrics or steam propelled contrivances. Especially scathing, also, was his arraignment of our modern system of absorbing so much of the vital and material resources of the nation in preparation for contingent war.

Well, there is, I believe, no single one of his contentions upon all these points to the influence of which the historian of our economic life to-day could conceivably be oblivious ; and there is not one which has not been, more or less, explicitly embodied in the treatises of those who are, at this moment, in the van of our industrial thought. At Oxford and at Cambridge, in Dublin and at St. Andrew's, we find formal recognition of the principles which Mr. Ruskin enunciated in those authoritative expressions of economic opinion which issue from their several chairs. No intelligent man to-day dreams of dissociating thought from work, or affection from industrial activity, any more than he dreams of

* I ask the reader of these pages to bear the facts presented under the two subheadings of their division persistently in mind, because the man who brings the charge of arrogance and of insufficient knowledge against the widest visioned, as well as the most penetrating, economic thinker of our time is himself apparently quite ignorant of their existence, and as hopelessly involved in the confusions of the school to which Mr. Ruskin, more than any other individual influence, gave the first deadly and decisive blow,

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dissociating thought from life or affection from domestic happiness. And the condition which this fact discloses, and which is in reality a return to the more sane and healthful conceptions of the pre-Reformation economists, is due chiefly to two teachers of the nineteenth century—of whom Carlyle was the first in time, the second is Mr. Ruskin.*

Again, Mr. Harrison is at the pains to tell us that Mr. Ruskin's attempts at a practical amelioration of the conditions which surrounded him—all his efforts to effectually embody his economic theories—ended in futility. Speaking of the Sheffield Museum, he says: "This is, perhaps, the only remaining result of any importance of so many years of anxiety and toil, of such generous

* How completely Mr. Ruskin's economic principles have penetrated the whole fabric of modern investigation, and how little ground there is for Mr. Harrison's contumelious treatment of them, let the following extracts, from a survey of his position by a distinguished member of the biological school, attest.

Speaking of Mr. Ruskin's equipment, it says: "So much grasp of facts and of their order in nature, such power of observation and description, with varied knowledge of history and art, constitute more preparation alike in preliminary and social sciences than could be shown by any of the economists whom he was wont to deride."

Again: "While on one hand the orthodox political economy affords little residue to scientific criticism, Ruskin furnishes much solid material for the new construction. . . . Exceeding all other economists in clear vision of physical realities, in insight and criticism of the quality of production, he was more than any other writer the legitimate continuator of the Physiocratic school, and the forerunner of its complete resystematization by the aid of physical and biological science; while his statement of the aims of practical economics in terms of the quality and significance of human life, his treatment of criticism of art and other aspects of production from the same point of view, and his clear enunciation of the essential unity of economics and morals in opposition to the discord assumed as a deductive artifice, will remain especially and permanently classic."

Again, as to Mr. Ruskin's influence: "Of Ruskin's practical influence much might be said; but this cannot be measured until the younger generation, whom he has educated to active social sympathy, has brought forth its manifold results of economic research and practical application. Everywhere organic filaments are spinning; reform in the production of wealth and economy in its consumption are alike in progress; more slowly indeed, yet surely, news of its distribution at once more rational and more generous are gaining ground; the health and culture of the worker, the ennoblement of function, the purification of environment, have at last won recognition as truly practical. . . . We are rising not only to finer mechanics and labour-saving, but to finer organics, subtler psychics of labourer-saving. As with things go corresponding thoughts, so a finer, a more human theory of economics is also spinning. This great social change is all immature as yet, still more so is its theory; but of those whose criticism did most in dissolving away the lower elements, whose suggestions aided most in creating the newer and nobler ones, perhaps no one will be longer or more honourably remembered than John Ruskin as economist."—Professor Patrick Geddes, in *The International Monthly* for March, 1900.

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sacrifices, of such noble ideals which [*sic*] were embodied in the Utopia of St. George, the mediæval symbol of England, of chivalry, and of culture of the soil."

I cannot, of course, go into detail concerning every form of industrial activity which Mr. Ruskin originated or resuscitated, or to which he lent his aid. I ask you to recall, however, the fact that the Irish hand-weaving and embroidery industries, which owe their existence principally to him, are still in active and successful and beneficent operation; that the same is true of the hand-weaving of the Lake District; and that the School of Industrial Art at Keswick continues to exert a wide and enduring influence for good, not only upon its students but upon the industrial consciousness of the North. And I ask you, further, to bear in mind that all we know of the work of our University Settlements, and of schemes for the better housing of the poor and for bringing them into immediate and constant contact with refined and kindly persons; all the revivals of delight in hand-made fabrics and utensils; all the removals of manufactories to interesting and healthful situations, as well as all sane views of the connection of art with industry, owe themselves primarily to his teaching. There is no one man to whom the world of Christendom is so much indebted for its deliverance from the mercantile ideals and practices of the eighteenth century, with its systematized condonation of the enslaving of the weak and its organized debasement of the general industrial mind; and there is no one influence still so operative for good upon the consciousness of humanity. You can infallibly measure the standing of any man writing upon the industrial and the creative activities of men by the extent to which he agrees, or does not agree, with the subject of this vindication.

II.

I pass next to some examination of Mr. Ruskin's art criticism as exemplified chiefly in his lectures on *The Art of England*. It is,

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of course, impossible, in the limits imposed by the form of this address, to traverse the field of Mr. Ruskin's utterances upon art from the appearance of the first volume of *Modern Painters* in 1843 to his closing Oxford Lectures four decades later; but we may briefly say of them that they differed from the work of all previous teachers in their recognition of the intense importance of the ethical element in art; in their insistence upon the necessity for serious observation of the actual aspects of Nature—as presented in her mountains, her clouds, her waves, her fields, her woods—on the part of every painter of landscape; in their contention that every consummate and healthy expression of the creative faculty is unconscious; in their assertion that the exhibition of a state of conflict in any spirit is a source, as well as an evidence, of limitation; and in their determination to regard, as the normal and legitimate art of a people, only that which pertains to the period of its vital activity, and not that which appears in the period and under the influence of its depravity or its decay. To precisely the extent in which these principles have been embodied in all subsequent art criticism—to exactly the degree in which Mr. Ruskin's contentions in this field have been accepted by the world at large—I shall not here invite attention. Instead I shall content myself with asking you to observe, concerning them, that they are eminently intelligible and coherent in themselves, and that they lend themselves beyond a cavil to calm and serious examination.*

Now it is the peculiarity of Mr. Harrison's treatment of his subject, in this field, that he seems to be quite unaware of the reasonableness as well as of the coherence of Mr. Ruskin's principles, and apparently labours under the impression that there

* As Mr. Harrison has nowhere attempted any discussion of the principles of art, or any refutation of Mr. Ruskin's conclusions, it is unnecessary to do more than point out the legitimacy and the coherence of Mr. Ruskin's method, leaving his application of that method to speak for itself. What the writer has felt it to be imperative to do, in this connexion, has been to insist upon the absurdity of any man having so slight an acquaintance with his subject as Mr. Harrison evinces venturing to cast ridicule on the conclusions of the most definitely instructed mind in the orbit of the modern world.

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are, in art, no established rules and no valid methods of analysis. He gibes quite as frequently at what have always been accepted, by all authorities in art, as axioms of their craft, as at those which he supposes to be peculiar to the object of his depreciation. He is entirely unaware, for instance, that there can be such a thing as "the dimness and coruscation of ominous light" as distinguished from interior twilight, or that there is any recognised legitimacy in the use of the term "vaghezza." I need not, of course, point out to you the absurdity of this position—an absurdity to be equalled only by the writer upon modern science who should pour ridicule upon the accepted phraseology of Maxwell in electricity or of Pasteur in fermentation.*

Passing at once to what is the principal stumbling block of Mr. Harrison—Mr. Ruskin's discussion of the merits of the British "Classic School," in the third of his lectures on *The Art of England*—let me say that this lecture exhibits its author in an attitude of restrained and sober analysis; that there is in it but little trace of the exuberance which too often accompanies Mr. Ruskin's investigations; and that it contains no declaration which is insusceptible of defence at the hands of any intelligent person to whom Mr. Ruskin's attitude and principles are not in themselves ridiculous. Personally, the writer of this address would be as willing to hold himself responsible for the support of its main contentions as for the support of the main contentions in any accepted work in observational science—let us say of Professor Newton in ornithology or Sir Archibald Geikie in field geology; and he is unaware of anything, either in the principles themselves or in Mr. Ruskin's application of them which can rightly be provocative of ridicule to a competent enquirer.

* The writer of these pages disclaims any knowledge of painting other than that which is within the reach of every intelligent mind; but as every educated person knows the difference between half and full light, as between cold and warm shadow, so every student of the art of Mr. Alma Tadema is aware that this painter works habitually in twi or subdued, and never—or almost never—in open or clear, light. It appears, however, that Mr. Harrison is unaware of this distinction, and therefore feels free to call in question criticisms which are based on this exceedingly elementary recognition.

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Impossible as it is to touch upon all the infelicities of Mr. Harrison's treatment of this lecture, two preliminary things may be said concerning it. One is that Mr. Ruskin's discrimination between Mr. Alma Tadema's use, or disuse, of light* and that of Mr. Burne-Jones is as explicit and as definitely marked as in any textbook of astronomy would be the difference between the spectroscopic analysis of the light from Aldebaran and the analysis of the light from Sirius. The other is that there is absolutely no similarity between that element in his work for which Mr. Watts is praised and that element in *his* the presence of which precluded Mr. Ruskin's discussion of the work of Sir Frederick Leighton; nor is Mr. Ruskin guilty of the smallest atom of confusion in his discrimination of the merits of these two painters. It is Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Harrison alone, who imports into his bewildered and impossible account, elements alike of confusion and of exaggeration which have no basis in Mr. Ruskin's printed page. Mr. Ruskin explicitly, and with the most delicate courtesy and generosity, recognizes to the full Sir Frederick Leighton's transcendent gifts; and, except in his disclaimer of sympathy with the results of his studies in anatomy—results apparent in his portrayal of attitudes and movements of the body not discernible by the unaided eye, and hence legitimately held to be improper to an art dealing exclusively with appearances—expresses no iota of disapproval of his achievement.

In the case of Mr. Alma Tadema, however, the matter is somewhat different; I shall therefore ask your patience while I transfer to my own pages what is the substance of Mr. Ruskin's contentions:

* A pensive mind may of course legitimately choose twilight as the medium of its expression if the objects depicted are such as the coming on of darkness suggests, and if the things depicted are depicted with the twilight feeling. But in the case of Mr. Alma Tadema we have an artist to whom neither the pensiveness nor the peace of twilight made any appeal, and who simply recoiled from open light through his absence of sympathy with its glory and his inability successfully to embody its effects.

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"Nor is the lesson one whit less sternly conveyed to you," he says, "by the work of Mr. Alma Tadema, who differs from all the artists I have ever known, except John Lewis, in the gradual increase of technical accuracy which attends and enhances together the expanding range of his dramatic invention; while every year he displays more varied and more complex powers of minute draughtsmanship, more especially in architectural detail, wherein somewhat priding myself as a speciality, I, nevertheless, receive continual lessons from him; except only in this one point—that, with me, the translucency and glow of marble is the principal character of its substance, while with Mr. Tadema it is chiefly the superficial lustre and veining which seem to attract him; and these, also seen, not in the strength of summer sun, but in the cool twilight of luxurious chambers. With which insufficient, not to say degrading, choice of architectural colour and shade, there is a fallacy in his classic idealism against which, while I respectfully acknowledge his scholarship and his earnestness, it is necessary that you should be gravely and conclusively warned.

"I said that the Greeks studied the *body* glorified by war; but much more, remember, they studied the mind glorified by it. It is the *μητις Ἀχιλλῆος*, not the muscular force, which the good beauty of the body itself signified; and you may most strictly take the Homeric words describing the aspect of Achilles showing himself on the Greek rampart as representative of the total Greek ideal."

[Here follows the exhortation to "learn by heart, unforgettably," the seven lines from the *Iliad* "which are enough to remind them of the whole context, and to assure them of the association of light and cloud, in their terrible mystery, with the truth and majesty of human form in the Greek conception." The lecturer then proceeds:]

"In all ancient heroic subjects you will find these two ideas of light and mystery combined; and these with height of standing—the goddess central and high in the pediment of her temple, the

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hero on his chariot, or the Egyptian king colossal above his captives.

"Now observe that, whether of Greek or Roman life, Mr. Alma Tadema's pictures are always in twilight—interiors, *ὑπὸ σμυμυγῇ σκιῇ*. I don't know if you saw the collection of them last year at the Grosvenor; but with that universal twilight there was also universal crouching or lolling posture—either in fear or laziness. And the most gloomy, the most crouching, the most dastardly of all these representations of classic life was the little picture called the Pyrrhic Dance, of which the general effect was exactly like a microscopic view of a small detachment of black beetles in search of a dead rat.

"I have already named to you the Achillean splendour as the primary type of Greek war, but you need only glance, in your memory, for a few moments, over the habitual expressions of all the great poets, to recognize the magnificence of light, terrible or hopeful; the radiance of armour over all the field of battle, or flaming at every gate of the city; as in the blazoned heraldry of the Seven against Thebes—or beautiful, as in the golden armour of Glaucus, down to the baser brightness for which Camilla died: remember also that the ancient Doric Dance was strictly the dance of Apollo; seized again by your own mightiest poet for the chief remnant of the past in the Greece of to-day:

'You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?'

"And *this* is just the piece of classic life which your nineteenth century fancy sets forth under its fuliginous and cantharoid disfigurement and disgrace.

"I say *your* nineteenth century fancy, for Mr. Alma Tadema does but represent—or, rather, has got himself hopelessly entangled in—the vast vortex of recent Italian and French revolutionary rage against all that resists, or ever did resist, its license; in a word, against all priesthood and knighthood.

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"The Roman state, observe, in the strength of it, expresses both these: the orders of chivalry do not rise out of the disciplining of the hordes of Tartar horsemen, but by the Christianizing of the Roman eques: and the noble priesthood of Western Christendom is not, in the heart of it, hieratic but pontifical. And it is the last corruption of this Roman state, and its Bacchanalian phrenzy, which Mr. Alma Tadema seems to hold it his heavenly mission to portray."

Now, disregarding the manner of Mr. Ruskin's contentions in these paragraphs, we find that they have to do (1) with certain fundamental principles, and (2) with certain minor matters of selection and technique.

1. And first as to fundamental principles. Throughout the whole of Mr. Ruskin's criticism of the productions of the creative faculty he has insisted, you remember—and in the degree at least of his insistence has differed from all previous writers upon art—on the fact that it is in its essence moral; and in the application of this canon he has further pointed out that the glory or the discredit of any attempted artistic embodiment of human life attaches to its tendency,* rather than to the precise amount of skill with which the particular phase of life depicted has been seized. And these two fundamental principles lie at the root of what he has here to say concerning the work of Mr. Alma Tadema.

We endeavour, then, to understand the way in which—taking these principles for granted—they apply to the artist under review; since manifestly the principles are in themselves legitimate and a subject for considerate and courteous treatment. Mr. Ruskin finds in the work of Mr. Alma Tadema three things which seem to him explicitly to invite disparagement. He finds (*a*) that Mr. Tadema has elected to depict the life of the Greeks and Romans not in the period of its greatest and most noble vitality,

* As exhibited in the subject chosen to be represented and the impression which its treatment conveys to the trained observer.

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but in the period of its supineness and decay; (*b*) that he portrays, in the activity of this period, those elements of its life which are least uplifting and least aspiring; and (*c*) that he delineates the human form, not as giving expression to feelings of the heart and mind, but as giving expression to physical feeling only, thus directly contravening the spirit of those nobler writers of antiquity from whom our knowledge of Greek and Roman life is most intimately derived.

2. Secondly, Mr. Ruskin criticises Mr. Tadema's predilection for portraying the human form in lolling or crouching postures, and for his constant preference for working in subdued interior in opposition to open light.

I shall not here concern myself with any attempt at deciding upon the finality of Mr. Ruskin's main contentions, nor shall I endeavour to say in precisely what degree they support his conclusions regarding the work of Mr. Alma Tadema. I shall merely point out, concerning his principles, that they are in themselves legitimate; and I shall ask the reader who has access to the creations of the artist criticised—either directly or through the medium of photography—to decide for himself the degree to which they lend themselves, in view of his expressed convictions, to Mr. Ruskin's disapproval. It is always open to the individual to prefer twilight to open sun, and to choose to dwell upon the aspect of the human body in a lolling or crouching, rather than in a more dignified or strenuous, pose. It is also open to the individual to select, as the subject of his contemplation, the life of a people in the hour of its decadent and licentious decadence rather than in that of its informing and healthful activity. But in precisely what degree the avowal and the indulgence of such propensities is compatible with the possession of a pure and healthy taste may conceivably be a subject for disagreement.

III.

1. Coming next to those matters of concrete statement upon which Mr. Harrison's assertions are at variance with established fact, I note, first, his contention that Mr. Ruskin mocked at the economists "from Adam Smith to Henry Sidgwick, with no more knowledge of their books than has any æsthetic curate in deacon's orders."* Concerning this, it is necessary to say explicitly that Mr. Ruskin had studied political economy under one of the clearest and most vigorous, as well as one of the most nobly passionate, of nineteenth century economic teachers at Oxford—Professor William Nassau Senior; and he also discloses in his published writings an exhaustive and fatal familiarity with the contentions of Ricardo and Mill, as well as of that latest mind to embrace the tenets and involve himself in the confusions of the plutonist and utilitarian school—the late Professor Henry Fawcett. Further than this, however, it may perhaps be permissible to suggest that there are two ways in which a man may become an authority upon a subject: one is by so mastering the principles of that subject as to be able to apply them instantly to any particular set of facts with which he may be confronted; the other is by knowing what has been said about a subject by a specified number of selected minds. Now it is to be remembered that it is among men of the first description that Mr. Ruskin finds a place, and that Mr. Harrison has nowhere attempted any refutation of a

* Concerning what Mr. Harrison says of Mr. Ruskin's equipment, on p. 72—that "as in theology, so in history; as in art, so in economics, Ruskin was perpetually constructing *a priori* out of his own head new schemes and theories, without any serious or systematic knowledge of theology, or history, or economics, or even art"—we can parallel it, if we will, by the assertion that Mr. Harrison has lately been writing about the philosophic and literary achievements of his countrymen, without any serious or systematic knowledge of philosophy, or literature, or æsthetics, or even style. And our statement would be much more easily susceptible of proof than his if we take the volume which he has lately given us on Tennyson and Ruskin and Mill as the basis of our remark. The only point upon which Mr. Harrison is disposed to recognize Mr. Ruskin's transcendent gifts—a point concerning which Mr. Ruskin was himself either careless or scornfully self-depreciatory—is with regard to his mastery of English. Here Mr. Harrison is unstinting in his praise—to the extent of losing his hold on the principles of syntax!

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single one of his conclusions. It is also to be remembered that for that parrot-like accumulation of hypotheses and explanations having little foundation in fact, with which the study of political economy has, for six generations, been clogged among us, he had nothing save impatient scorn.

2. Again: Mr. Harrison asserts that "it is not apparent that Mr. Ruskin at all understood the real relation of the buildings and arts he found at Venice to their true sources in the Byzantine School and in Greek invention." Surely a sufficiently amazing remark in connection with the activity of the man whom Mr. Harrison himself accuses of having founded the pre-Raphaelites—that little band of scholars which was the first in the modern world to trace the developments of Greek mythology through Byzantine into Christian art—and who himself so persistently insisted on the connexion between the Athenian achievement and that of the Adriatic, and between the Etrurian and that of Christian Rome! Here, also, the reader may be reminded that Mr. Harrison adduces, and endeavours to adduce, no particle of evidence in support of his innuendo.

3. And here forgive me if I say candidly that I recoil from any attempt to characterize Mr. Harrison's tortuous misrepresentation of Mr. Ruskin's religious* views. In the case of the leader of a sect which, more than any other, the subject of this vindication persistently and deliberately antagonized, the mantle of charity may, perhaps, be drawn over some of the results of a feverish and distorted point of view; but it is difficult to acquit Mr. Harrison of conscious and painstaking misrepresentation upon matters concerning which—if he treated of them at all—it was incumbent upon him that he should do so with the most persistent and explicit truth. That some change in Mr. Ruskin's religious views took place between his twentieth and his fortieth year is

* I use the word "religious" in its wider, or Scriptural, sense, as descriptive of all that side of our nature in which sanctions not drawn from our material environment have their play. Art, literature, industrial activities, man's social life, are, on certain sides, religious, in so far as they attempt to embody or impress upon us invisible and eternal truths.

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familiar to all students of his writings: as is also, to most of us, the fact that this change consisted in the supersession of his inherited "evangelicism" by broader and more catholic convictions. Similar changes had taken place, however, in the case of nearly every Christian thinker of his century: and Mr. Ruskin's experience is paralleled not only in the development of the general lay consciousness of his time; it is paralleled also by the man who is the most gifted exponent of a catholic nineteenth century theology in the Church of England, if not in modern Christendom—Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton. But that Mr. Ruskin ever so far departed from the teachings of Christianity as to warrant the assertion that "he groped through middle life in theological darkness," from which he later emerged into "a rather vague form of orthodox belief," both his writings and his actions disavow. There is no more real divergence between his earlier and his later convictions than between those of any man to whom the teachings of his childhood prove inadequate without necessitating his abandonment of the central citadel of his faith; and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Ruskin's system of belief is as completely coherent in its fundamental principles, throughout the whole period of his activity as a writer, as, from first to last, was that of Plato, of Dante, or of Kant. It is as fatally inaccurate as it is without the pale of justification to confuse his abandonment of the narrow "evangelicism" of his youth with the abandonment of his belief in the necessity for "fidelity to the legible laws of an undoubted God"; and Mr. Harrison's treatment of his subject's religious development is as detrimental to the interests of truth as any tenet of Mr. Ruskin's inherited theology which the wider and deeper thinking of his manhood caused him explicitly to disavow. I cannot pause to controvert in detail the several statements wherein Mr. Harrison repeatedly distorts the facts with regard to the religious prepossessions of the subject of his monograph: it must suffice for me to say concerning them that they do violence

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throughout to easily ascertainable truth, and are as incapable of external support as they are in themselves unhappy.

4. Closely connected with Mr. Harrison's criticism of the change in Mr. Ruskin's theological belief is what he has to say regarding Mr. Ruskin's opposition to the establishment, in the Oxford Museum, of a physiological laboratory within the precincts of which vivisection was expected to be—and ultimately was—practised. Concerning the attitude of Mr. Ruskin in this matter Mr. Harrison says that it was "partly the opposition felt by all synthetic philosophers to the pedantic specialism in fashion; partly it was a religious horror of the revolutionary and materialistic ideas, as he understood them . . . but mainly it was the cast of mind which made St. Bernard denounce Abailard and the Inquisition, persecute Giordano Bruno, and Galileo." Passing by the state of mind which could identify the temper of St. Bernard with that of the Inquisition, permit me to point out to you the fact that Mr. Ruskin, in his Oxford lectures, has himself provided us with a statement of the explicit grounds for his opposition to the establishment of the school of physiology, and that they are precisely what, from his character and principles, we should naturally have inferred. Mr. Ruskin refuses to be a party to the relinquishment, on the part of the University, of the distinctively Oxford ideal which regards the chief function of its teaching body to be the imparting of intellectual and ethical culture—the creation of a temper and an attitude of the spirit—rather than the production of anatomists or physicians. The departure, in Mr. Ruskin's view, imported into a great and noble university elements to be found properly in a school of medicine or an institute of physiology; and he declined resolutely to countenance the degradation. It is perhaps not too much to say that his position on this subject is increasingly that of all thoughtful persons in the new as in our older world.

IV.

We come, lastly, to the closing division of our task—to some examination of Mr. Harrison's treatment of certain delicate matters in connection with Mr. Ruskin's personal life.

1. The first of these is with regard to Mr. Ruskin's marriage, which Mr. Harrison describes as "a miserable episode in a chequered life," and asserts that "neither the marriage nor the dissolution of it seriously affected his habits or his books." Concerning the latter assertion it may be worth while to point out that, in the most widely circulated of his writings, Mr. Ruskin explicitly and in the strongest terms asserts the contrary; and, concerning the adjective which Mr. Harrison selects to describe the dissolution of Mr. Ruskin's marital ties, we may point out that it was indeed "miserable" in the true sense of the word, but that in the sense apparently intended by Mr. Harrison the "miserableness" pertains to the attitude of the mind which—presumably knowing the facts—could descend so far as to describe it. That there was absolutely nothing in Mr. Ruskin's relation to it from first to last incompatible with the utmost consideration for others and the most delicate and scrupulous chivalry, every one who knows anything of Mr. Ruskin's life and character is unalterably assured.

2. The second matter of a purely personal kind upon which it is necessary to touch is with regard to Mr. Harrison's treatment of Mr. Ruskin's mental malady. And the first thing to be said concerning it is that Mr. Harrison's frequent and unfeeling allusions to it come with an especially bad grace from one who is the leader in Great Britain of a cult whose founder was for long a maniac, and in a fit of suicidal insanity once threw himself into the Seine. Secondly, we may deplore the taste which condescends to record details which the laws of hospitality alone should have prevented. It is possible that there are those, among the followers with Mr. Harrison, by whom his repeated appeals in this matter

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to the standards of the unrefined among us may conceivably be condoned; but the sensitive and puissant mind can only recoil from them as from things as incapable of explanation as entirely to be deplored. They are like the things of which the shade of the most reverent among the Romans once counselled a great Italian: "Let us not speak of them, but look, and pass."*

At the outset of this address the fact has been recognized that it is, at least in manner, a departure from established modes. The questions, however, of which Mr. Harrison's volume treats, relate themselves so intimately to the public conscience—they are so vitally connected with the growth of our moral life—that to have kept silence concerning them would have seemed to the writer of these pages the part of cowardice. In its effect, the monograph by Mr. Harrison in the English Men of Letters series is an attempt to pour ridicule upon the ideals and belittle the achievement of the last great Englishman of our time; and it is calculated—so far as it can be held to have an influence—to turn backward upon the dial the hands of the development of our industrial and associated, as well as our creative and religious life. To have refrained from criticism of it, therefore, would have been to have acquiesced in whatever power for evil the prestige of its author, and its inclusion in a well-known and widely-circulated series, might conceivably have involved. Fortunately, there are thousands among those by whom the memory of Mr. Ruskin is still revered to whom the inadequacy and the misrepresentations of Mr. Harrison's performance will be alike innocuous; but among these it is possible that there are some who will be able rather to feel than to apprehend its fallacies, and there are others to whom some explicit pointing out of the incompetence of Mr. Harrison's work may be a matter of essential moment. For ignorance masquerading under the guise of knowledge—for superciliousness arrogating to itself the title to sit in judgment upon the achievements of its superiors without concerning itself to comprehend even the rudi-

* *Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.* The reader may perhaps recall the two preceding lines: "Report of them the world permits not to exist; Mercy and Justice disdains them. Let us not speak of them, but look, and pass."—*Inferno*, III., 49-51.

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ments of the subject of which it treats*—there can be among decent men no tolerance, and from generous men no quarter. The writer of these pages is well aware of the slightness and the inadequacy of his performance. This attempted vindication has been written hurriedly, at a distance of some six thousand miles from the theatre of events, in order that it might come under the eyes of those to whom its appeal is made while the ineptitude and the impossibility of Mr. Harrison's attempt is still vivid in the public mind. It is addressed primarily to those for whom Mr. Ruskin's later work was almost uninterruptedly done—the world of British workmen. By them it is possible that no vindication—as also no analysis and no memorial at the hands of Mr. Harrison—of the life and the achievements of their great teacher is demanded, or will be thought desirable. With them, more than with any other class among us, however, rests the memory and the accomplishment of the last great wielder of our tongue to pass into the unresponding precincts of our imperial repository of unregretted and unceasing fame. It will be theirs, therefore, to continue gratefully to remember that for them literally he gave his all—not in the brief spasm which accompanies the perforation of a rifle bullet or the tear of an exploding shell, but in the reasoned leashed endurance of the anxieties of a protracted life. With them, and such as they throughout our Empire, rests the duty of securing to posterity a just and faithful recognition of the character and the achievements of this great leader of our thoughts and work. In so doing it may be that it will be required of them to secure, further, that—while the temper of this study of him by Mr. Harrison is as corrosion, and its activity as that of the worm—in its influence it shall be but as the passing of a vapour, and in its lastingness as fretted snow.

* How completely Mr. Harrison has failed to grasp even the most elementary of Mr. Ruskin's contentions in Art and Architecture, and how guiltless he is of any comprehension of the principles whereby the merits or the demerits of any work in either field are estimated, let the following fact suggest. He has instanced, in this monograph, in each department of investigation, four examples in illustration of the absurdity of Mr. Ruskin's position, three at least of which, in each quartette, Mr. Ruskin himself—or any competent exponent of his principles—would have alleged as evidences of its truth.

ATHENS REVISITED.*

By Franklin T. Richards, M.A.

IT was with no small trepidation that we went on deck on that rainy morning in April. What should we see? How would Piræus receive us after so many years? Should we find the coast-scenery marred, and the distant view of the Acropolis hidden, or disfigured by chimneys? The first glances were tolerably reassuring. Piræus has spread out. The hills have on them more buildings than of old, those curiously pale, naked, treeless buildings of which the Mediterranean seems to have the secret. The harbour is more active, more full of ships. Yet the growth which these things show has not brought with it much disfigurement. The great features of the landscape remain visible and unchanged. The hills near the coast are still open to walkers. The Acropolis is still to be seen as our ship travels slowly in (although the greater mass of house-roofs makes it go out of sight sooner), and no chimneys are at present visible near it.

The harbour is indeed full of life. The flags of many nations are flying from the masts of the ships. It may be mere accident, but we cannot anywhere or on any day see those undecked Greek boats, full of loose oranges, which lay against the quays years ago in such picturesque lines. But, if they are wanting, their place is amply filled by larger ships. There is one vessel which specially shows how safe the anchorage is, how quiet the water; for she is cut open by workmen just down to the waterline, and is being repaired as she floats. Opposite to her rides a Greek Government vessel, apparently moored there for good, and serving

* *The Sculptures of the Parthenon*, by A. S. Murray. (Murray.)

A Short History of the Ancient Sculptors, by H. E. Legge, with Introduction by Professor Percy Gardner. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Ancient Athens, by E. A. Gardner. (Macmillan.)

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perhaps as a meteorological station, for at the top of her mast slowly revolves a windgauge. The scene is lively, so many boats are in motion, so many men at work about the ships and quays. Even below the water something is going on. There is a helmeted diver, with a boat in attendance, and we can mark his progress by the little outbursts of bubbles above his head. He is hunting for something on the bottom, and our passengers make many queer guesses at what it is: but we shall never know, for presently he scrambles into his boat and his fellows row off, dragging after them under the surface something which he has found and secured, but which he does not wish the world to see. But meanwhile we have taken up our anchorage, in six fathoms of water, close to the quay and to the strange church of St. Nicolas. The rain is ceasing, and the swallows are flying higher. We shall have a muddy, but a tolerable, day ashore. No place is more dusty than Attica, and, therefore, after rain few places more muddy. That "light soil" which Thucydides talked about keeps its character. It has done strange things since his day. Always on the move when the weather is dry and the wind up, it has buried many of the objects most familiar to his eyes and so preserved them for us. Fire and earthquake, the rubbish of falling buildings, and the refuse of human habitations, have helped to cover up tombstones and statue-bases and the lower stages of buildings; and under the heaps thus formed the old Greek work has lain soft and warm, to come to light again in our time: but the flying dust must have been the greatest preserver. No one can doubt this who faces a dust-cloud near Phaleron, or who, looking down from the Acropolis, sees the roads as white lines of dense dust which stand out sharp against the fainter haze that envelops the whole country.

Presently we land and realize how much the town of Piraeus has grown since we were here. It has become far cleaner, too, which must mean a certain education among the people. There are now broad and regular roads, spacious buildings, businesslike

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quays. The modern Greeks have always said that their great harbour must command a large share of the traffic of the Levant, and their words are coming true: they have worked hard and wisely for their success. A writer of Cicero's day speaks of seeing Piraeus, like many other Greek towns, "overthrown and ruined," probably by war: but when the new kingdom of Greece came by its own, less than a century ago, Piraeus was in a worse state still, its old name forgotten, its population a mere nothing. The change visible to-day is a great and creditable one.

In this new harbour-town there is very little to be seen: it is a place of business. If we try to think of any "antiquities" of Piraeus, most people will probably not get much further than one which, after all, is not now in Greece, one of those great stone lions which stand before the gate of the Arsenal at Venice (carried thither in 1687). It has a curious double connection with the past. Not only is it of Greek workmanship, but there is on it a Runic inscription, due no doubt to some raiding party from North Europe and the sea. That is to say, a thousand years after Thucydides' time, the stone bore witness how Greece was feeling again the danger to coast-towns from pirates, the very thing which he said led so many Greek tribes before his civilized day to build on hills or up the country.

Tramcars circulate in the thick of the town, and will even carry you up to Athens, but it is quicker and surer to go by rail. The train sweeps rather suddenly out of the houses into a country partly cultivated, partly wild and used for pasture, I suppose, but certainly not taken in hand or laid down with grass. It is nowhere broken by hedges, or other visible fences. The absence of any such lines of enclosure, the sight of horses or sheep browsing in the cornfields, the carelessness with which a cart and horses are backed on to a growing crop and there turned round, give an Englishman an uneasy feeling that this is poor farming, and that the best is not being done for the land. Yet the cultivation is better than it was years back. Whether it is extended further in

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the immediate neighbourhood of Athens I am not able to say, but at all events the fields of corn are cleaner than they were. There are fewer weeds—or flowers—in the corn. As to the beasts which graze here, they are but sheep and horses; the goats are elsewhere, on higher ground; and Attica does not find good keep for cattle. The river, Cephissus, has been embanked since I was here last. Now, in April, in spite of the rain, this looks like a needless precaution; the river-bed is dry and stony: but in winter there must be another tale to tell.

Meanwhile, the winding railway-line is giving us glimpses on both sides, first of the outer hills of Athens and specially of the lonely Monument of Philopappus, and next of the Acropolis. The other hills stand up, graceful if you like, in their curves, but looking very white and barren: the Acropolis, pale as its limestone is, makes no such impression owing to the colour of the buildings at its foot, and the dignity of the buildings on its summit. Massed together as these latter are by distance, perpetually re-sorted by the movements of the train, they give us a series of ever-changing, ever-charming groupings. Over one hovers something like a mist, and presently we discover that it is the scaffolding for the restoration of the Erechtheum. Poor Erechtheum!

At Athens, where there was but one railway-station there are now three. We get out at the old one, the nearest, now called the Theseum Station, full of all we are going to see, and we are met by the shocking news that this is a general holiday (the King's Name-Day, I think), and that every place will be shut up. Perhaps we had better not even try the Theseum; leave it till to-morrow. There it rises, clear, sharp, golden in colour, on its lonely little hill, in a drill-ground, looking over the station one way and the Old Quarter another. It is the best preserved temple of Greece, a temple, too, of considerable size and great beauty, although Pausanias, the Guide, who visited Athens in the Golden Age of the Antonines, did pass it over in absolute silence and thereby causes much trouble to the moderns, who cannot discover

its real name or dedication. "Theseum" is but our conventional name for it, not one known to be right or now thought very probable. Even from where we are now walking toward Hermes Street, we can see how some of the drums in the temple columns have been shaken a little out of line by earthquake.

But if we are cut off from the regular sights by public festivity, we shall no doubt get something in exchange. We shall see the people in holiday-mood and holiday-clothes. The jewellery, the costumes, the head-dresses, which I remember from another holiday occasion, will be out again. Yes—and there are the soldiers too, lining the streets and riding in the Place de la Constitution. I rather think that, if my soldiers had disappointed me six years ago, I should not let them parade the capital in such gaudy uniforms: but, merely as a sight for travellers, they are very effective. Where, however, are the civilian costumes? Here is the crowd, a very close crowd too, good-humoured, and orderly: but the costumes are far less numerous than they were. What I must call European clothes have largely come in. Here and there are splendid figures; and the male wearers of bright native dresses are finer men than the wearers of coats and hats: but in the mass the Athenians are evidently growing like the dingy crowds of Western Europe. Their loyalty, or their good-tempered acceptance of things, is plain; but they are not excited, and their little enthusiasm does not last long. Between midday and one o'clock the crowd is all melted away, the shops are shut, and the streets are quite startlingly deserted. Luckily, we found that the festival did not shut up quite all the sights, and we managed to see something of the Lower Town.*

* We found Mr. Gardner's *Ancient Athens* of the very greatest use. It is emphatically a book to be used on the ground. Mr. Gardner's long familiarity with the city, where he was Director of the British School, makes him a very sure and trustworthy guide; and his careful explanation, aided by numerous photographic illustrations, renders his book, perhaps, the best to carry about. His words and his illustrations, between them, make it impossible for the reader to miss anything that he wants to find. Sometimes Mr. Gardner discusses a disputed point of topography without seeming to come to any clear conclusion; but this is rare: and when he has made up his mind, he generally does so on good and sufficient evidence. Above all, as we have said, he enables us to see what he saw, and so to test his conclusions for ourselves.

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Of course, in twenty years or so Athens has been a good deal altered. The Old or Turkish Town is, perhaps, a bit narrowed, but it still clings to the north foot of the Acropolis. Something has been done to air and ventilate it. The fire in the Bazaar some years ago was not altogether a curse. The ruins of classical buildings, chiefly of late Greek and Roman periods, have been disengaged. The Serpent-Footed Giants, which formerly stood in a large low enclosure, full knee-deep of the most venomous nettle known to the present writer, are now in but a small sunk space. The ground round this has been raised and levelled, and, probably, the neighbourhood is more healthy for the change. North of this part we have modern but not perfectly new streets. Hermes Street, new only in one part, is still, and I suppose always will be, blocked or hampered at an important crossing by the little Byzantine church of Hagia Kapnikaraea. But beyond this again, north and east, the town has spread a long way, and is still spreading, while the ground south of the Acropolis is left almost bare. It is not quite clear what the population lives on. Agriculture does not go far; manufactures are few; but the hotels, the palace, and the Government must have given a lift to the capital. At all events, Athens is full of life, and, apparently, not pinched for want of money. Perhaps the best kept garden that I have seen in either Italy or Greece is that in front of the National Museum. It is the creation of the last few years, and its brilliant parterres make an excellent approach to the somewhat severe building. Others of the gardens and public squares are meant to be attractive, but strike us as unfinished and untidy. Partly they *are* untidy, partly they look so because they have no edgings. Turf will not thrive in that climate, and no good substitute has been found. The sort of park which now lies round the Olympieum has a curiously neglected air. It is, no doubt, to be preferred to the old café which stood formerly by those vast columns, but it might with advantage show something more trim. I suppose we shall never get used to the sight of a "park"

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without good grass. The grasses at Athens (as in so many parts of Italy) are not turf-grasses. They do not run and grow close, but flourish in single plants, and the rest of the ground is either bare or clothed with weedy wild flowers.

Where the soil is naturally deep, or where the soft earth from excavations has been suffered to lie and become overgrown, these flowers are better to look at and add to the beauty of whatever stands among them. No one who has seen the great mutilated altar close to the Theatre of Dionysus, rising out of a tangle of acanthus leaves and blue goat's beard blossoms, will forget how much it gains in mere picturesqueness from its little associates. The tomb-reliefs of the Outer Ceramicus (the "Potters' Field"), both the originals wisely left, and the casts cautiously set up in the place where the reliefs were found, though they stand on the line of the old road (like the tombs on the Via Appia outside Rome), are yet on a road which is green and overgrown with a wealth of leaf and blossom.

Behind these tombs are the scanty remains of the Dipylon Gate, exposed since my last visit, and already growing green. From so humble a fragment it is hard to re-construct in the mind the gate and the wall—or rather the walls, for more than one line has come to light there.

"The foundations of the line of wall in which the Dipylon Gate is set may well have formed part of the original wall as built by Themistocles, and some of the lower courses of the same date still remain; during the excavations there were actually found, built into the wall, some early tombstones which illustrate the statement of Thucydides, that in the haste of the building, 'many tombstones and wrought blocks from earlier edifices were pressed into the service.' On the hill that slopes up to the south, though the foundations are early, the superstructure is of the most heterogeneous character; and so we are reminded of the fact that Sulla had razed this portion to the ground. Outside the main wall at this point was a second line of wall set about twenty feet in front of it, and constructed in a good period, perhaps the fourth century." (Gardner, p. 64.)

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It is hard also to imagine any of the scenes that this gate has beheld, perhaps most hard to call up the picture of the night when Sulla's army stormed the town somewhere close by here, and of the day following, when the blood of the massacred Athenians "ran out under the gate into the suburb." Yet that must be one of the most important things which have happened in this region : for the great slaughter would go far to alter the population of the city. Where Athenians had been, there came in (as a plain speaker said about a century afterwards) "the offscourings of many peoples."

Another sort of change has passed and is still passing over Athens—the reconsideration of some of her great sites. The spade and the careful collation of ancient written evidence have made some changes necessary and opened yet further questions. The "Theseum" is, as we said, given up. The old harbours of Phaleron and Piræus have had to submit to re-arranging their names. The third Long Wall is displaced. The position of Callirrhœ is still under discussion. We are rather glad to find that Mr. Gardner throws the great weight of his authority on the side of the old view that Callirrhœ was in the bed of the river Ilissus. But the disappearance of the masonry about it is total, and the volume of water yielded very small. When I visited Athens before, the site of the old Agora was still thought open to question : now there must be few who doubt that it lay North of the Areopagus and Acropolis. The Pnyx has been challenged for many years ; but Mr. Gardner, maintaining the old site, removes ingeniously what was in our eyes the greatest difficulty, that of the ground sloping down *away* from the speaker. The Pnyx, he says,

"Lies just beyond the Areopagus, and appears just above it in the view from the Propylæa. In the slope of the hill facing the Acropolis is a scarped face of rock, not straight, but consisting of two equal portions meeting at an obtuse angle ; and where they meet is a square block, like an altar, approached by steps, all cut in the living rock. Below the scarp is a semi-circular area, retained at its outer edge by a

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wall of huge blocks, partly squared, partly polygonal. At either side, where the ends of this semi-circular retaining wall abut against the face of rock, they are considerably higher than the foot of the square block : but in the middle several of the upper courses have given way, and consequently the area retained by the wall now slopes downward from the face of rock. If, however, we imagine the retaining wall of the same height throughout the whole semi-circle, we must restore the area which it contained as sloping down from the circumference toward the centre, like a rather shallow theatre. Such a form would be admirably adapted for a place of popular assembly." (P. 103.)

True, but then where are the hard seats of rock on which Demos could not sit comfortably without a cushion, as Aristophanes says?

But all that we can see on the lower ground or on the outer hills must pale in interest before the most ancient City, the Acropolis itself. Let us take our way thither across the Hill of Mars, the Areopagus. Nothing can be much barer than this venerable monument. Now, in spring, there are tufts of green and some flowers about it, chiefly in cracks of the rock, but in a few weeks these will have perished under the intense sun ; not a single shrub or tree relieves the outline of the hill. In the main it is a mass of rock sloping up from the Theseum neighbourhood, and dropping less gently at the end which fronts the Acropolis. The only thing to break its regular outline is on the North side a cleft (now disgracefully filthy), where once the Eumenides were worshipped in gloom and awe. We say the only thing, for the remains of seats, or whatever they may be, cut in the rock, and associated by universal consent with the Court of the Areopagus, are of so humble a sort that they are positively hard to find. We scramble down over them, and so by the ancient steps to the level of the carriage-road, and push on again up-hill to the entrance of the Acropolis.

This, too, has been changed. We are let in now by the Beulé Gate, the opening that is exactly at the west end of the hill ; whereas formerly we entered by a gate round the corner to the south. Our finer susceptibilities about time and place were then

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offended by some strange bits of sculpture which lay about the entrance, obviously Byzantine, and no fit preparation for visitors going up to see what is left of Periclean Athens. Now these are out of sight, and we begin immediately the ascent to the columns which Mnesicles put up for his Propylæa. Roofless as they now are, admitting the daylight straight from above, these are singularly shadeless, glaring, and ineffective, and they put an extra strain upon the visitor who would fain recover something of the old aspect of the place. But, just inside, a small carved stone carries us straight back to the time when these were erected and roofed. "The most active of Pericles' workmen," Plutarch tells us, "fell from the top of the works, and the doctors despaired of his life. And when Pericles was in low spirits, the goddess Athena appeared to him in a dream and told him of a remedy. This Pericles used and quickly cured the sufferer : and so he set up the bronze statue of Athena, Goddess of Health, on the Acropolis beside the already existing altar." The basis of this statue, with the inscription, has been found and stands on or near its old place.

As we climb up we see by degrees that much more has been done in the examination of the ground. The great mounds of regularly heaped earth down below, just south of the hill (well shown in the most familiar photograph), indicate how much loose soil has been moved off the Acropolis, and make us wonder why they have not been spread and turned to agricultural account. But these heaps were there twenty years ago. Since their time, since a time when it already looked as if the Acropolis were scraped to the bone, far more thorough diggings have been carried out, and with excellent results. Nakedness, exposure to injurious weather, stripping bare of work which in its fresh isolation looks rather raw and thin—these things have followed upon the more recent excavations, but the finds are worth them all. The place had to be examined. Nothing venture, nothing have : and, till we dig, how can we tell what there is to discover? No one could have

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guessed at the great treasure of early sculpture waiting hidden in a depression of the rock.*

But digging is one thing, and demolition is another. Since we were here last the Bastion of Odysseus has followed the Tower of the Franks and the minaret of the Parthenon. The Turkish Wall of Fragments, too, has recently disappeared. How far is this destruction right or necessary? We hardly know. Professor Freeman had no hesitation on the point, and he wrote in no flattering terms of the "pedants" who destroyed the Tower. The stones of Bastion or Tower, once separated, are of no further interest. The Turkish wall was made up of fragments, Greek, Byzantine, and other, all carved and wrought, and all susceptible of interest, even apart. Doubtless they are now all in the Museum. No one likes to see a historical or architectural monument disappear, but such a loss is sometimes a necessity. Almost any structure, whether loose, as this wall, or regularly built, as the Bastion and the Tower, must give place if there is good assurance of finding something better or of learning something on their site. Our own explorers in England have not hesitated lately to cut into our Roman Wall in Northumberland. But, if the motive of demolition be merely patriotism misapplied or architectural Puritanism, then the wrath of Professor Freeman is justified.

Digging, we say, is one thing and demolition another. Surely re-erection is a third. Here we are glad to find ourselves in line with Mr. Gardner.

"A matter on which considerable difference of opinion is possible is the question of restoration. When all the portions of an ancient building are lying around its foundation, it may seem at first sight a harmless and even desirable proceeding to rebuild it again out of its original materials. We have, however, seen, in the case of the

* In a like spirit "the excavations at Priene, which resulted in important acquisitions [to the British Museum], were conducted at the expense and under the direction of the Society of Dilettanti, reinforced by pecuniary assistance from Mr. Ruskin." (E. T. Cook, *Popular Handbook—British Museum*, p. xxi.)

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Parthenon, a warning of the impossibility of replacing the drums of a Doric column when once they have fallen; the fluting of the columns can never regain that perfect regularity which it obtained at first by being carried out after the column was erected; and, in its absence, the result is an unsatisfactory and even revolting appearance, as of a galvanized corpse. In the case of the little temple of Nike, indeed, the restored building is a distinct gain to a distant view of the Acropolis, and reproduces pretty nearly the original effect; though even here the lines of the temple, when seen from near, are displeasing to the eye. The very perfection of Greek architectural form makes its reconstruction from dismembered blocks an impossibility." (P. 509.)

We can see for ourselves how true these statements are. The miniature temple of Nike Apteros (or Athena Nike), standing out boldly above us on our right as we climb to the Propylæa, on a high foundation of masonry, is a plain warning against reconstruction. No rebuilding could ever be undertaken under more favourable circumstances. All the stones were found on the spot; there was no doubt as to the identification or place; yet the result is tame and lifeless. The joints have been chipped; the fluting is out of line; the drums of the columns no longer meet quite evenly. The platform on which the temple stands is, of course, a remarkably good look-out point.

Passing inside the Propylæa, we find a little thing on which no book that we know of throws light. A sort of pathway starts from the Propylæa, not quite in the centre, and goes about one-third of the way to the Parthenon before dying out. It is very narrow, say two to two-and-a-half feet wide, and marked on the native rock by a series of transverse grooves. What are these, and of what period? Many years ago there was at one point on the path a lump of concrete or cement fixed firmly into the grooves: now it seems to be gone. But the question remains, What were the grooves for? Were they simply to make a better foothold for the horses and chariots of the great time of Athens? (But the cement would be against that, and they are not at the steepest part of the hill.) Or were they cut to hold cement and

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make a firm roadway of that kind? Or are they something of altogether later date? No writer appears to mention them.

Away on our left, as we follow this track, stands the Erechtheum, now under repair. Its repair, we suppose, is necessary; but the place was scraped uncomfortably clean years ago; and Mr. Gardner speaks of it as already "perhaps the most extensively restored building in Athens." When we saw it of yore, there was something still which might pass for the marks of Poseidon's trident, and some pious hand had planted a little olive tree. Now that tree has had to make place again for workmen, and we hear nothing of its shooting afresh. "I will now explain," as Herodotus says,

"why I have made mention of this circumstance. There is a temple of Erechtheus the Earth-born, as he is called, in this citadel, containing within it an olive tree and a sea. The tale goes among the Athenians, that they were placed there as witnesses by Poseidon and Athene, when they had their contention about the country. Now, this olive tree had been burnt with the rest of the temple when the barbarians took the place. But when the Athenians, whom the King had commanded to offer sacrifice, went up into the temple for the purpose, they found a fresh shoot, as much as a cubit in length, thrown out from the old trunk. Such at least was the account which these persons gave" (Hdt. viii, 55. Rawlinson's Translation).

Where, however, is the "sea"? The interpreters say that this was a well of salt-water. But why there? and, if there, what has become of it? There are tanks and cisterns underground, but no salt-water.

To the right again of our path, as we go East, we find the Parthenon, recently restored, and yet wonderfully fresh after all its vicissitudes. Unroofed, with its centre blown out by the Venetian shell, with its sculptures mostly removed to safer places, and its west front still splashed with the marks of cannon balls—it is none the less dignified and impressive beyond compare. In itself a compendium of history, it reveals to us in little marks and traces, here and there, what curious changes of purpose it has

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undergone. Now it was a temple of Athene Parthenos, Athene the Virgin; then dedicated by Greek Christianity to another Virgin; then a Roman Catholic Church; then a mosque, and a powder magazine; now the object of a world-wide curiosity and admiration without any mixture of religious feeling.

When we last looked upon this great building, we approached it from the West over ground containing two open graves, probably Turkish, with bones in them. To the South lay a deep, recently opened pit, evidently in made earth. The soil, where exposed in section, was traversed across and across by veins of greenish stuff, apparently decayed or oxidised bronze, and I took these to be remains of the bronze gates of other buildings in that part, destroyed or melted by the fire which the Persians kindled. Little, however, seems to have come out of that particular excavation as compared with what other diggings have yielded.

But the Parthenon is not to be left in a hurry. Even in its present state it has many lessons for us, and close examination lets us into many secrets of its construction.

"Dr. Curtius, in writing on the Greek temple, has finely pointed out how, though so simple in its proportions, it yet comprises a variety of mutual relations and uses. 'There is the contrast between vertical and horizontal, between open and closed, between supporting and supported, yet all dissolves in a higher harmony, which arises before one's eyes in solemn and tranquillising calm, embodying the sacred significance of Measure and Law.' . . . The aspect of vital harmony in the form of a Greek temple was gained by subtle and delicate calculations. In peripteral temples, for instance, the corner columns were just a little larger than the others; all the columns sloped slightly inwards toward the building, and were rather thicker midway between top and bottom. This slight swelling of the column was called *entasis*, and prevented it from seeming to get thinner in the middle, as is the tendency of perfectly straight pillars. Thus, by a system of finely curved and sloping lines, the effect of straightness, harmony, and stability was produced on the eye." (Miss Legge, pp. 18-22.)*

* Miss Legge's very unassuming and modest little book is useful as putting together shortly and clearly what is known of the lives of the Greek sculptors and what is known or inferred of the quality of their schools. As we shall see later on, it is a convenient work to have in hand in the galleries of the Athenian museums, and that is partly because it does not confine itself to artists

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To this enumeration of curves underlying apparently straight lines we must of course add Mr. Penrose's demonstration that the steps of the Parthenon are not perfectly straight, but slightly convex.

With what Dr. Curtius, quoted above, says of the solemn and tranquillizing effect of such a building, it is worth while to contrast the remarks of a much older traveller, one who looked on the Parthenon before it was injured, even before it changed its god. Of what use, urged Seneca the Younger, is foreign travel to the moralist? (Letter 104.) "Suppose you have gone to Athens, or suppose to Rhodes, . . . no good will that running to and fro do you, for you travel with your own passions, your own evils follow you. Indeed, I wish they did *follow* you—they would then be further off. As it is, you carry, not precede, them. . . . No journey can put you beyond desires and fears and anger." Seneca argues plausibly, yet Dr. Curtius felt differently, and we all of us, when we pass within the Parthenon or the lonely temples of Paestum, feel that Seneca had not got hold of all the truth. And it is odd that he should have forgotten what another art, a sister art to architecture, had achieved. In the statue of Olympian Zeus at Olympia, Pheidias, the master-spirit of the Parthenon, had enriched Peloponnese too with a statue whose moral effect we must, unless we deliberately reject a wide body of testimony, rate very high. To calm, to soothe, and tranquillize, are the very powers ascribed to this great figure.

The sculptures of the Parthenon are of course chiefly, but not altogether, in London. Paris, Copenhagen, and Palermo have a few fragments, and many still remain at Athens. Of these again some have of late years been taken down and put under cover on the Acropolis along with a few casts of pieces in the British Museum. That every fragment of the pediments and frieze, if not of the metopes, should be under cover and no longer exposed

at Athens. Miss Legge enables us to enlarge our view and contrast one school with another, as the Argive with the Athenian. We come back to Athens after such an excursion with the feeling that the glance away has taught us something new about the Athenian schools themselves. Indeed each set of artists, as Miss Legge teaches us, throws light on others.

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to the weather is most desirable. The very clearing-out and consequent isolation of old monuments must expose them to rain and frost in a way which they had not to fear when they were covered over or built up by later erections. The tiny reliefs on the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates (the "Lantern of Demosthenes") show how weather has told upon the work even in the short time which has elapsed since a cast of them was secured for the British Museum; and the chances of war and earthquake must also be remembered about Athens. We think, therefore, that, as the less of two evils, the Parthenon must be content to go even more bare of its plastic decorations, and we are glad to find that the Government has already put a share of what remains safe into the Acropolis Museum. But neither the Athenians nor their visitors will, we fancy, be content much longer with so few pieces of the frieze. A complete set of casts of the whole, so far as the French or English have it to give, should enjoy a long gallery to itself at Athens, and be added to the original pieces which the city has still kept. Probably the little hill of the Acropolis (barely four-and-a-half minutes' walk from the foot of the Propylæa to the East end) cannot find room for so large a display: but, if so, the mere desire, however natural, to keep together all the objects which belong to the Acropolis must give way.

But whoever would henceforth adequately enjoy these priceless sculptures must begin by understanding them with Dr. Murray's help.* His keen perception of what the sculptors meant to

* His stately volume reproduces in its lavish illustrations every fragment which is known to exist of Parthenon sculpture, as well as the drawings by Carrey or Stuart of portions since lost. The 158 yards which are still preserved or otherwise known out of the original 174 yards of the frieze furnish a long sheet of photogravures in a special pocket. Here we get the procession and the meeting of the gods put together for our quiet study. As to the pediment-groups, Dr. Murray finds in the secondary figures not so much gods of Olympus as personifications or heroes of the Attic landscapes, to whom comes news about Athena that deeply concerns them. He will not, of course, carry everyone with him, but his temperate discussion moves the matter on a stage toward settlement. He suggests that his present examination of the sculptures is on artistic more than on archæological lines, but the two things cannot really be separated. It is extraordinary to observe how much long familiarity and mature reflection have taught him to see in the sculptures. Their varying slope, their different degrees of relief, the bearing of the light and the angle or distance in which they were originally meant to be seen, these are points to which the ordinary visitor has no chance of doing justice unless he is guided by an expert.

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express, his sympathetic appreciation of the feeling under which they worked and those which they were trying to meet, his ready application of literary hints and other ancient aids in furtherance of the task of interpretation, make his new book indispensable to the traveller or to the stay-at-home student. Such minute knowledge was certainly not built up by one man, nor is it the fruit of only a few years; it has been long growing: and the student must not expect to capture with a rush the secrets of Greek sculpture or all the meanings of the Parthenon frieze: but let him trust himself patiently to Dr. Murray's guidance, and all will be well. Dr. Murray combines the advantages of a naturally penetrating eye with those of a thorough study of the great literature of the subject.

Even those views about the Parthenon sculptures which Dr. Murray would claim only as possible—as his theory—not as certain, have a charm or instruction for us, especially when we think them over, either in the presence of the Elgin Marbles, or in the very different atmosphere of the Acropolis. If they are not true, they well might be, and they light up for us what may have been in the mind of the Great Director of Works and of the citizens who saw his designs grow. Behind the obvious meaning of the pedimental figures, the Birth of Athena and the Struggle of the Rival Deities; behind the plain subject of the frieze—the great procession of citizens to honour their own goddess,—there lies, if we may follow Dr. Murray, a further meaning to which the metopes give us the clue. Those entangled and struggling figures in our Museum, which visibly interest our public much less than the other sculptures from the same building, have a special and appropriate sense of their own. “In the metopes we have a long series of combats with barbarism, in which we may trace the state of things which Athena was born to rectify.” For the working out of this central idea we can but refer readers to Dr. Murray's book.

But with all the labour of love spent on these priceless figures,

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there is much yet to be done in interpreting and naming them. Dr. Murray is remarkable for his candid suspension of judgment about certain points and his hope of fresh evidence to settle in the future what is uncertain to-day. A good example of such uncertainty is afforded by the figures L and M of the Eastern pediment (now in the British Museum). Dr. Murray sees in them "interested local spectators" of the Birth of Athena: while Dr. Waldstein finds "Thalassa, the Sea, reclining in the lap of Gaia, the Earth; Thalassa, whose exquisite drapery, with its rippling multitudinous folds, implies, in a manner of unequalled beauty, the fluent quality of the sea." (Miss Legge, p. 94.) The more that acute observers like these point out small beauties and appropriatenesses in the workmanship of the Parthenon sculptures, the more difficult it is to refuse bluntly any ingenious argument, any such bit of appropriateness as this of the "undulations" or "fluid rhythm"; and we are left with conflicting arguments, evenly balanced, and each suggesting such beauties of idea that choice is painful or impossible.

The Acropolis Museum has been very considerably developed, and its collections now possess enormous importance. When we remember the huddled little collection of former years, we are the more impressed at sight of the care with which the marbles are now arranged in spacious rooms. There is one striking difference between the looks of collections of sculpture in Greece and in Italy. The latter country has often housed her collections in old palaces or town halls, and the architecture, both outside and inside the building, gives a fitting frame to the figures, lends them dignity, and softens away the incongruity inevitable where many pieces of different age, style, and subject are put together.* In Greece the collections are much more of one time and kind, it is true; but Greece has no palaces or town halls: and her sculptures

* Sometimes the character or other modern use of these old Italian buildings makes them unsuitable as museums, but that is not what we are speaking of just now. The very interesting little collection of sculpture at Mantua is kept over, directly above, a great store of fire-wood and timber!

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are now to be seen in buildings simply made for the purpose and possessing no age or character of their own. They may be specially adapted, as the dimensions of the great hall in the Museum at Olympia are meant to reproduce the breadth of the temple of Olympian Zeus, and so to fit the pediment statues: but they have a cold, uninhabited, show-room sort of look. Yet, at all events, there is space, there is light, and care is taken of what is exhibited. The Acropolis Museum, too, has been placed with taste and judgment in a site (east of the Parthenon) so far sunk that the building is little seen by visitors strolling on the summit, and does not in any way appear on the outline of the hill as viewed from a distance. If we contrast this happy reserve with the way in which Olympia is dominated, almost to the dwarfing of Mount Kronion, by a showy museum and a great hotel, both planted on a hill, we shall feel what a danger Athens has escaped. It is impossible to enumerate a tithe of the important sculptures now stored on the Acropolis, but we must not leave unmentioned the considerable remains from the pediments of temples older than the existing Parthenon, or the quaint collection of figures of Athenian ladies. These have all come to light since about 1884 in the diggings on the Acropolis, and, of course, they cannot be matched elsewhere. So far, the traces of colour on the ladies' robes have survived the coming of light and air, and, as each is safely under glass, the inevitable fading may be postponed for some time. The history of these statues is curious; their destruction was their preservation:—

“Just before the battle of Salamis the Persians entered Athens, knocked down, broke, or carried away its statues, and set fire to the old temples. Afterwards, stimulated by their victories, the Athenians adorned the Acropolis anew, and they levelled its inequalities and enlarged its surface by means of the mass of débris of the overthrown temples and statues. In this way these figures and many others were hidden underground near the Erechtheum, shortly after the year 480 B.C., therefore we can safely date them as belonging to a previous period. . . . They now stand in the Acropolis Museum, and

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form, certainly, a striking and extraordinarily vivid assembly of women—extremely valuable as specimens of early Attic art. Archaic, stiff, erect, robed in elaborate drapery richly decorated with painted bands and borders, drapery hanging loosely but with exquisitely refined arrangement of folds over the body, yet drawn tightly by the left hand round the legs—what gives these statues their marvellous animation? The answer is unmistakable—the treatment of the face. The hair is mostly in spirals, or curves, or zigzags, but the faces, whatever they may lack, have at any rate *life*. Archaic, primitive as the statues are, in their vitality lies the promise which culminated in the great performance of the following century. And even in them is a progress towards loveliness. Two of the heads, the two most advanced, have a beauty and quaint fascination hardly to be put into words. The eyes look natural, the mouth and cheeks are delicately moulded, and the odd archaic smile has been softened into an expression so elusive that we seem to understand what the writer, Lucian, meant when he spoke of a 'sweet and subtle smile.' . . . From the gradual advance in style to be observed in these figures we can infer that they were made during a period extending over forty years, and it is a vexed question whom they were intended to represent. Certainly not the goddess Athena; probably not priestesses; the most likely supposition is that they were figures of votaries, worshippers of the goddess, who dedicated to her their own statues." (Miss Legge, pp. 43-47.)

These figures are very unlike the older conceptions of Greek art, the feeling of the days which were fostered in blind admiration of the Apollo Belvidere; but it is just this enlargement of our materials and our knowledge which makes the discovery so important. We see so much more now of the history and the growth of the art that we can appreciate the later works more rightly by comparing them with the difficulties and the triumphs of earlier artists, and can reduce to a juster position figures which we over-admired while we had few standards of comparison. Professor Percy Gardner, in his introduction to Miss Legge's *History*, says—"Compared with the art of Egypt and Assyria, that of Greece is humanly modern; compared with the art of Japan it is noble; compared with the art of modern nations, it is infinitely simple, quiet, and dignified." This, I take it, applies

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only to the best age. The remains from Pergamus are neither simple, quiet, nor dignified. But, with all the striving after life, on which Miss Legge lays stress, the spectator will turn away from the Athenian Ladies with the feeling that they are indeed infinitely prepossessing in their gentle dignity and simplicity. Miss Legge's illustration at p. 44 does justice to the calm beauty of its subject.

Before we go down again from the height, we ought to look round us at the views and notice what changes there are. The mountains stand unchanged. The little scar on Pentelicus, which marks the works of an active Marble Company, can hardly be seen, and does no harm. But the hill we stand on and the town below it have altered amazingly—not within the last few years so much as in the period since Otho—or even since George—mounted the throne of Greece. What the Acropolis used to be like we can still tell from drawings and pictures which are not yet so very old. Covered with Turkish domestic buildings, ringed with comparatively modern walls, deep in earth, green with a vegetation of figs and olives, and carpeted by wild blossoms of a hundred sorts, the Acropolis, which the young Greek nation took over from its former masters, looked singularly unlike what it is to-day. The painting of the Erechtheum, by Prosper Marilhat (1811-1847; No. 334 in the Wallace Collection), shows us two things there for which we might now search in vain—aloes and camels. Everything, as we said, has now been cleared for the sake of research, for the ends of art and archæology. The hill has little earth on it except what the dust of the city is again beginning to deposit. Every mediæval and modern wall and building is gone. What there is hidden, above or below ground, we must find, the Greeks said; and they are well rewarded for their pains. They have now a hill which is less roughly picturesque, but which can never lose its majesty, and which has rewarded its explorers with an endless series of inscriptions, of statues, architectural fragments and minor objects. The foundations of the primeval

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palace near the Erechtheum have opened an entirely new page of Athenian history ; and the inscriptions fill up many a gap in the religious story of the city, and in our knowledge of how its local business was done and its foreign empire constituted. We must balance what we have recovered against what we have lost.

When we look beyond the somewhat cold and arid stone on which we tread, a gayer picture meets our eyes. Very light, bright, and airy is the view of the long valley between the hills. The shadows of the floating clouds relieve the grey slopes, and the very olives of the plain do not look dark here, as they do in Italy. Perhaps they are lighted up at this moment (April) by reflection from the intense green of the young corn about them. What a difference it would make if the hills, too, could be persuaded to turn green and bear woodland trees. Many people think this possible, and say that, if the hostility of goats and goatherds could be got over, there is no reason why timber should not grow, at least up the sides of the hills. I am not so sure of this ; the absence of humus must make the growth very slow, if possible at all, and the expense of a fair and full trial would be another burden for a poor country. But the experiment might be worth making if experienced foresters from other countries decided that it could be tried on a reduced or merely local scale in the first instance.

Between us and the open plain spreads the new capital, very modern and bright looking. Houses painted red or blue or green seem less numerous than they used to be ; but the colours which are now used, are, like the building stone itself, light and cheerful. Few tall chimneys disfigure the landscape, though there is one far too near to the Theseum. In another point the aspect is greatly changed. Old views of Athens (for instance the one on the title-page of Sibthorp's *Flora Græca*) show a little town that positively bristled with minarets. Now there is no minaret whatever left, and the city has indeed enlarged its borders. That is to say, Athens has, as it were, sunk down, shrunk vertically, and spread

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in width. Church towers, even if we include domes, make very little show here, and do nothing to redeem the appearance of flatness. There is only one mosque left. It is not used for its original purpose, and I hardly understand why it is spared when the Athenians have made so clean a sweep of everything else which they do not care to remember.

A certain number of large and rather imposing buildings are visible in the streets from our elevation, not to mention the King's palace ; and they excite some surprise in one who remembers how poor Greece is. Whether these buildings are public or private, the outlay must have been great, and must in most cases fall ultimately on the people themselves. No doubt foreigners have helped, or have lent money ; Athens always did get foreign aid. But Greece is only a poor little kingdom, starved for space by the jealousy of the Powers and the resistance of Turkey, originally confined to the most unproductive parts of the peninsula, and only recently somewhat relieved by the acquisition of the corn-fields of Thessaly. She is compelled by her situation to have a foreign policy which costs much in all ways, and a big outlay on buildings sets one wondering. But Greece must needs prove her civilization to be of the genuine Western type, and perhaps this is one way of doing it.

It is curious how Athens has always enjoyed help from abroad, and generally help voluntarily given. The world cannot say that she has not done her own share of work, but she has also in a marked degree got others to work for her. At least three times in her history she has, as the phrase goes, been a centre of attraction as well as of production. First, in the best days of her old republic, there came to her not only philosophers with gifts of thought, not only allies with tribute, but also artists and craftsmen. Hence that convergence of streams of tendency in, for instance, sculpture which had such happy results for the Attic school about the end of the sixth or the beginning of the fifth century. Then in later days, when Athens stood, still a republic, among great

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kingdoms, or rested under the shadow of the vast Roman state, many were the benefactions and endowments showered on her from outside. The temple of Olympian Zeus, begun by the Pisistratidæ, remained unfinished for centuries. Antiochus IV., of Syria (a foreigner, therefore), employed on it one Cossutius, a Roman, as architect, but left it still incomplete. Yet even in that state it so struck the historian Livy that he proclaimed it "the one temple on earth which matches the greatness of its god." The Roman Emperor, Hadrian, finished it, and lavished on Athens many other expensive gifts. Antoninus Pius helped to improve her water supply. The Stoa of Eumenes, that of Attalus, and that of Ptolemy are presents from foreign kings. The South wall of the Acropolis, too, was decorated with statues by King Attalus of Pergamus. And now, in these latest of days, foreign excavators, students, and schools are bringing to light the hidden treasures of Athens and putting meaning into her shattered sculptures. Beside them the Greek Government is at work, but results would have come in more tardily without foreign aid.

We cannot remember that the Turkish governors of Athens ever did anything for her antiquities. We shudder to think how many masterpieces of sculpture must have been mutilated in those days from fanaticism or burnt into lime from Turkish economy. We can put nothing to the Turks' credit. The Museum of Antiquities at Constantinople reveals a development of Turkish character (or business capacity) later than the day when Athens was a Mussulman town.

Ever since this foreign horde was withdrawn from Greek soil, the Greek nation has been labouring to work back to its past. Even many years before the War of Liberation patriotic Greeks abroad had been trying to educate and re-nationalize their crushed compatriots: and, wherever it is possible to do so, the modern kingdom, its societies, and its wealthier citizens, have all been strenuous in the work of re-constituting the Greek nation on the basis of its old language, literature, and thought. We should be

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the last to deny that there is sometimes something grotesque about this forced revival of the past. But, as the generations go on, if the effort is continued and the education pushed, what was revival will become a new living tradition. And, whatever the modern Greeks are by race, whether the old culture is really theirs by inheritance or not, it is for the general good of Europe that one people at least, even if it be but a small one, should be steadily and intentionally soaking itself with such Hellenism as it can recover from the abyss of time.

"Whatever the Greeks are by race!" Who can say what they are? Mixed beyond doubt: possibly a mixed race in Pericles' time? certainly a mixed race before Piso told them to their faces that they were "offscourings"; far more mixed by the intrusion of Slavs and Albanians, and by the forcible seizure, going on for centuries, of women and children by Vandals or pirates or Turks. But there are some curious facts elsewhere which show an apparent ability of the native race or races of a country to revive after a time, to increase faster than the newer comers, or to absorb them. And, however this may be, there is an assimilating process as well as an absorbing one; and the determined Hellenism of the present day must be increasing the rate at which Slavonic or other alien blood is being merged and one type of character or training produced. The process will go on fastest in the towns, but even military service will help it. What is a race? Take Mr. Flinders Petrie's definition: A race is a group of persons whose type has become unified by their rate of assimilation, and affection by their conditions, exceeding the rate of change produced by foreign elements. This is not quite what was understood by *race* a generation ago, but it is a key worth applying to many European problems.

But, anyhow, when we have stayed among the Greeks in their own country, they inspire us with sympathy and goodwill. We lose sight of the tricks of railway-porters, hotel-clerks, and shopmen. We take a wider view, and remember that disparaging pro-

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verbs were coined in the days when no Greek was a free man. We are willing to think of the modern citizen in the light that he claims for himself. We remember his burdens, and reflect with regret that they may become heavier still. Much, very much, has been done : much remains to do. Above all, it must be borne in mind that nothing can be got or kept to-day unless men can and will fight for it. We end, therefore, pretty much where we began—with the wish to see a Greek army for use and not for show. Spirit must flourish, as well as Intelligence, in the Greek character. When Plato wrote that Intelligence or Quickness was the chief feature of his compatriots, the humiliation of Greece was not far off.

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The Works of John Ruskin. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. Library Edition. Volumes I., II., III., and IV. London: George Allen, 1903.

IT is the intention of those responsible for this edition to bring together the whole of the published writings of Ruskin, which are at present contained in some seventy or eighty volumes, excluding a large number of pamphlets and magazines. Many of these volumes and pamphlets have for a long time been out of print and practically inaccessible to the general reader. The editors of the new edition announce that it will not only include all Ruskin's books current in other editions, but all publications by him now out of print or only privately circulated, together with all his letters, articles, and other writings published but not hitherto collected, and that all the different editions of his works will be collated, thus bringing within the pages of each book everything that he at any time published in it. The edition will also contain all the illustrations which have previously appeared in any of Ruskin's works. Where possible the original plates will be used; in other cases the best modern processes will be employed. A large number of the author's drawings which have not hitherto appeared and some portraits and other illustrations will also be included.

So far as we have written we have been guided by the statements made by the editors in their announcements of this new edition, but as the first four volumes are now before us we are enabled to adequately judge as to the manner in which the great task involved in this publication is being carried out. We have no hesitation in saying that this edition of Ruskin's works will place all his admirers under a great debt of gratitude alike to his literary executors and to his publisher. It is, in a true sense of

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the word, a beautiful edition, and one worthy of the great teacher. In only one respect do we confess to a slight disappointment: the paper, though otherwise excellent, is not sufficiently opaque.

The first volume of this edition contains Ruskin's early pieces, written prior to the publication of the first volume of *Modern Painters* in 1843, when the author was in his twenty-fifth year. Mr. E. T. Cook contributes a masterly introduction, in which he tells the main story of Ruskin's early life and gives "the biographical data necessary for placing the several pieces in relation to the influences in Ruskin's environment and education which they reflect." Though this introduction may not contain many new facts, it is marked by sympathetic yet critical insight, and it presents us with a thoughtful and original picture of the young author and his surroundings. Its value, in this as in the other volumes, is much increased by the liberal extracts which are given from Ruskin's private letters and diaries.

The most important work in the first volume is *The Poetry of Architecture*, which originally appeared in *The Architectural Magazine* in the years 1837-8. This, like many of the other pieces which accompany it, is of special interest because it shews many of those great qualities which mark Ruskin's later works. His power of interpreting the beautiful; the association of moral considerations with his criticisms of architecture; the wholly original standpoint from which he writes; his intellectual bravery in resisting the conventions of his day; all these features are to be found, more or less pronounced, in *The Poetry of Architecture*. Not less interesting is it as showing the development of his literary style. All the essential marks of his more mature work are visible. Here are that mastery of words, that entire confidence in the use of his own tongue, and that freedom amid the subtleties of our language which are always associated with his name.

The first volume also contains the many contributions which Ruskin made to Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History* and to Loudon's *Architectural Magazine*, as well as many minor pieces.

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The three letters and an essay on "Literature" found in his tutor's desk are also included, as is his charming fairy tale, "The King of the Golden River." The interest of the latter piece is heightened by the inclusion of the whole of Richard Doyle's original drawings, together also with a number of sketches which he made for the story, but for which others were ultimately substituted. It may be fairly claimed for Doyle that in these delightful sketches he has interpreted the spirit in which Ruskin wrote the story.

Mr. Cook, in his Preface to the first volume, has enabled us to realise something of the debt which the world owes to John Claudius Loudon, the editor who encouraged Ruskin's first efforts as a writer and gave them to the world. It was a great thing for Ruskin that he should at the commencement of his career have received the help of this chivalrous and far-sighted man, who in 1838 thus addressed the elder Ruskin:—

"Your son is certainly the greatest natural genius that ever it has been my fortune to become acquainted with, and I cannot but feel proud to think that at some future period, when both you and I are under the turf, it will be stated in the literary history of your son's life that the first article of his which was published was in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*."

The second volume is devoted to Ruskin's poems. They are of great biographical interest, and many of them are of great, even rare, merit. But Ruskin was not a great poet in verse, and he was wise enough to recognise this, and to use prose as the chief medium for expressing his thoughts. It is doubtless due, in some measure, to the great fame he attained as a prose writer, that his claims as a poet have been frequently depreciated to an unjust extent. He at least had the poetic spirit in a large measure, and this collection of his verses contains many poems of great beauty, marked by true feeling and happy conceits. The volume contains a large number of exquisite reproductions of drawings made by Ruskin to illustrate the poems.

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The third volume is devoted to the first book of *Modern Painters*. The frontispiece is an exquisite reproduction in photogravure of *The author of "Modern Painters,"* 1843, from the water-colour drawing by George Richmond, and the volume contains many other plates from drawings by Turner and by Ruskin. In his introduction Mr. Cook shows how the idea of *Modern Painters* was conceived, and traces its development from a pamphlet to the great work it became. The first volume of *Modern Painters* appeared in 1843, when Ruskin was twenty-four, but the germ of the book dates back to 1836, when, at the age of seventeen, Ruskin wrote a reply to a criticism in *Blackwood's Magazine* of Turner's pictures exhibited in that year. Ruskin's father thought that Turner should be consulted before the "reply" was published, and accordingly sent it on to him. Turner was indifferent to *Blackwood's* criticisms, but sent the MS. on to the purchaser of one of the pictures criticised. Ruskin himself describes this early essay as the first chapter of *Modern Painters*, and it is printed in this edition for the first time, a copy of it having been discovered amongst his MSS. It will be read with deep interest. It would have been noteworthy from a critic of mature years: for a boy of seventeen it is, indeed, remarkable. One extract will be sufficient to show that from the first, Ruskin's pen was an eloquent one:—

"His [Turner's] imagination is Shakesperian in its mightiness. Had the scene of 'Juliet and her Nurse' risen up before the mind of a poet, and been described in 'words that burn,' it had been the admiration of the world: but, placed before us on the canvas, it becomes—what critics of the brush and pallet may shew their wit upon at the expense of their judgment; and what real artists and men of feeling and taste *must* admire, but dare not imitate. Many coloured mists are floating above the distant city, but such mists as you might imagine to be ætherial spirits, souls of the mighty dead, breathed out of the tombs of Italy into the blue of her bright heaven, and wandering in vague and infinite glory around the earth that they have loved. Instinct with the beauty of uncertain light, they move and mingle among the pale stars, and rise up into the brightness of the illimitable

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heaven, whose soft, sad blue eye gazes down into the deep waters of the sea for ever,—that sea whose motionless and silent transparency is beaming with phosphor light, that emanates out of its sapphire serenity like bright dreams breathed into the spirit of a deep sleep. And the spires of the glorious city rise indistinctly bright into those living mists, like pyramids of pale fire from some vast altar; and amidst the glory of the dream, there is, as it were, the voice of a multitude entering by the eye,—arising from the stillness of the city like the summer wind passing over the leaves of the forest, when a murmur is heard amidst their multitude.

"This, oh Maga, is the picture which your critic has pronounced to be like 'models of different parts of Venice, streaked blue and white, and thrown into a flour-tub.'!"

The fourth volume of the library edition contains the second volume of *Modern Painters*, originally published in 1846, three years after the appearance of the first book. These three years had been largely spent by Ruskin in the study in Italy of the early Christian painters—a study which proved a great revelation to him. Perhaps its chief result was the knowledge it gave him of the genius of Tintoret, which he used to such effect in this volume as to immediately establish Tintoretto's fame. Mr. Cook well points out that this volume of *Modern Painters* occupies a central place in Ruskin's system. "It sets forth the spiritual as opposed to the sensual theory of art. It expresses what he elsewhere calls 'the first and foundational law respecting human contemplation of the natural phenomena under whose influence we exist, that they can only be seen with their properly belonging joy, and interpreted up to the measure of proper human intelligence, where they are accepted as the work and the gift of a Living Spirit greater than our own.'"

There is in this volume, as in its predecessors, a large quantity of valuable Ruskiniana collected from Ruskin's many note books and diaries, and his letters from the Continent to his parents and others. Apart from their personal interest, these give considerable help to the reader and help him to a better understanding of the spirit in which Ruskin wrote and the aims he had in view.

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Our final word must be one of praise for the editors. They have done their work not only well, but perfectly. The edition shews every mark of scholarly care. The editorial notes, which occur on almost every page of the volumes, and which must have involved an extraordinary amount of research, have placed all students of Ruskin under a very heavy obligation to the two gentlemen responsible.—J. H. W.

RUSKINIANA.

Two unpublished letters by Ruskin.

(We are enabled through the courtesy of Mr. George Baker and Mr. W. A. Cadbury respectively to reproduce the following letters.)

Brantwood,
Coniston,
Lancashire,
21st February, 1884.

Dear Mr. Baker,

Will you kindly pay enclosed Guild account up to end of last year to Messrs. Ford : it is for very first-rate work. I shall have to charge the Guild, I find, with the topaz and emeralds instead of presenting them, for I have just paid a thousand cash down for a diamond, which will be the Guild's ultimately, and called "St. George's diamond," but at present I keep it in my power. It is to be exhibited on loan at the British Museum, the first stone they ever put in their gallery on loan ; it weighs 129 carats and is a perfect xl.

Were you at the Tarrant Hill meeting the other day ? I hope my letter was sufficiently businesslike.

Ever your affectionate
J. Ruskin.

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire,
9th May, '81.

My dear Wright,

I hope your box will get safe back to you—that tourmaline is a nasty thing to send about. You will, I regret to say, find all returned except the well xlied bit of amazon-stone and one of the agates. But I hope you will not be discouraged from sending me things. You OUGHT to know by this time that I *never* buy ores of lead : seldom large detached xls like the topaz and garnet, that I hate cut stones in *shapes*—and that round eyes can be cut out of agates by the million—if people are fools enough to like them out better than in. I am always open to good silvers—good golds, (the one you sent this time was absolutely valueless!)—to anything strange in quartzs (I would have kept the millente, but the specimen was not pretty), to anything fine in chalcedonies—and any pretty piece of crystallization in tourmaline—beryl—rutile. With these openings you ought to be able to send me a box thrilling with interest ! once a quarter at least !

Ever faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

